

Wit and Mirth :
O R
P I L L S
TO PURGE
Melancholy :
B E I N G

A Choice Collection of the best Merry
BALLADS, and above a Hundred of
the best SONGS, Old and New.
Fitted to all Humours, having each their
proper TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument.

The Second Edition with Additions.
Being carefully Corrected by Mr. J. Lenton.

Vol. IV.

*Hic est quem legis, ille quem requiris,
Totâ notus in urbe Merrimannus.*

L O N D O N: Printed by William Pearson, and
Sold by John Young, Musical-Instrument-maker, at
the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard,
1709. Price Bound 2s. 6d.

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TO THE
READER.

S*Ince the Booksellers Stalls inform us that Physicians are the greatest Interlopers in the Rhyming Trade, and are continually dabling in the Streams of Helicon; it is no Injustice for a Versifier to return the Complement, and Oblige the World with a few Prescriptions, tho' to the no small hindrance of the Pulse-groping Fraternity.*

Having then observ'd, that in spight of my repeated Endeavours, an unaccountable Melancholy call'd Spleen in the Men, and Vapours in the Women, Reigns among the English, and which (if not remov'd in time) will be as much the distinguishing Character of a Native of this Island, as Vanity of a French Man, Formality of a Spaniard, and Revenge of an Italian. I could not but again try to disperse and put to flight the rallying Forces of this

A 2 *prevailing*

To the Reader.

prevailing Distemper, which affects both Body and Mind, and bids defiance to the grave Urinal-shakers. Accordingly I have prepar'd another Dose of Poetical-Pills; my former not being able to reach the Thousandth Part of the Afflicted; and these will infallibly divert, and assuage, at least, if not carry off this Epidemical Evil; for I have not enough of the Quack in me, to vouch my Medicine for infalibile, any more than Universal. However thus much I may venture to say, that if it does no Good, it will do no Hurt; being as Pleasant, and Harmless, as Ptisons, or Pearl-Cordial, and I am sure that Lenitives are as proper for the Mind and Body Natural, as for the Body Politic, and more for the benefit of the Prescriber, as my Brother B——n hath found by sad Experience; who will advise all State Physicians henceforward rather to Fustianize with Bl——re, Flatter with G——th, Bite with R——w, make Birds speak plain with stuttering D——tey, or indite Spiritual Epigrams for Children with the Laureat, than to be for giving the Government violent Purges with him and P——tt——s; unless they are ambitious of being exalted to the same high Post. Should I mention but the hundredth of the Cures perform'd by these Pills, the
bare

To the Reader.

Bare Names of the Persons would take up more room than Addresses and Statutes of Bankrupt do in a double Gazzette. So that if we may guess at what may be, by what hath been, they cannot fail of meeting with general Approbation. Count Tallard by the help of 'em hath forgot Blenheim, and if M. Villeroy understood the Nature of this English Medicine, it would sooner cure him of the Surfeit he got in the Plains of Judoigo, than the Waters at Aix la Chapelle, which he is now gone to drink. In short, as a Brother of the Faculty wittily observes;

These with a jerk, will do your Work,
And Scour you o'er and o'er :
Read, Judge and Try, and if you die,
Never believe me more.

Dr. Merryman.

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AN

A N

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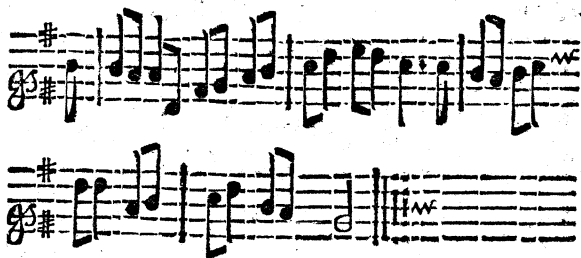
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Pills to Purge Melancholy.

The Fourth VOLUME.

The King and the Shepherd, and Gillian the Shepherd's Wife, with her churlish answer to the King.

The Tune Chivy Chase.



IN Elder time there was of Yore,
when guides of churlish glee,
Were us'd among our Country Earls,
though no such thing now be:
The which King *Alfred* liking well,
forsook his stately Court,
And in disguise unknown went forth,
to see that jovial sport.
How *Dick* and *Tom* in clouted shoon,
and coats of russet gray,
Esteem'd themselves more brave than them,
that went in golden ray;

B

In

In garments fit for such a life,
 the good King *Alfred* went,
 'All ragg'd and torn as from his back
 the beggar his cloaths had rent.
 A sword and buckler good and strong,
 to give Jack sauce a rap,
 And on his head instead of Crown,
 he wore a Monmouth cap.
 Thus coasting through *Somersetshire*,
 near *Newton* Court he met,
 A shepherd swain of lusty limb,
 That up and down did jet:
 He wore a bonnet of good gray,
 close buttoned to his chin,
 And at his back a leather scrip,
 with much good meat therein.
 God speed good shepherd, quoth the King,
 I come to be thy guest,
 To tast of thy good vittuals here,
 and drink that's of the best:
 Thy scrip I know hath cheer good store.
 what then the shepherd said?
 Thou seem'st to be some sturdy thief,
 and mak'st me sore afraid.
 Yet if thou wilt thy dinner win
 the sword and buckler take,
 And if thou canst into my scrip
 therewith an entrance make,
 I tell thee, Roister, it hath store,
 of beef and bacon fat,
 With shieves of barley bread to make
 thy chaps to water at:
 Her e stands my bottle here my bag,
 if thou canst win them Roister,
 Against the sword and buckler here
 my sheephook is my master.
 Benedicite now, quoth our good King
 it never shall be said,
 That *Alfred* of the shepherds hook
 will stand a whit afraid:

So soundly thus they both fell to't,
and giving bang for bang,
At every blow the shepherd gave
King *Alfred's* sword cry'd twang.
His buckler prov'd his chiefeft fence
for still the shepherds hook,
Was that the which King *Alfred* could
in no good manner brook:
At last when they had fought four hours,
and it grew just mid-day,
And wearied both with right good will
desir'd each others stay.
King, truce I cry quoth *Alfred* then,
good shepherd hold thy hand,
A sturdier fellow than thy self
lives not within this land.
Nor a lustier Roister than thou art,
the churlish shepherd said,
To tell thee plain thy thievish looks,
now makes my heart afraid;
Else sure thou art some prodigal
Which hast consum'd thy store,
And now com'st wandring in this place
to rob and steal for more:
Deem not of me then quoth our King
good shepherd in this sort,
A Gentleman well known I am
in good King *Alfred's* Court.
The Devil thou art, the shepherd said,
thou goest in rags all torn,
Thou rather seem'st I think to be,
some beggar basely born;
But if thou wilt mead thy estate,
and here a shepherd be,
At night to *Gillian* my sweet wife
thou shalt go home with me.
For she's as good a toothless dame
as mumbleth on brown bread,
Where thou shalt lie in hurden sheets,
upon a fresh straw bed.

Of whig and whey we have good store,
 and keep good pease-straw fires,
 And now and then good barly Cakes
 as better days requires.
 But for my master which is chief,
 and Lord of *Newton Court*,
 He keeps I say, his shepherds swains
 in far more braver sort ;
 We there have curds and clouted cream
 of red Cows morning milk,
 And now and then fine buttered cakes
 as soft as any silk.
 Of Beef and reised Bacon store
 that is most fat and greasy,
 We have likewise to feed our chaps,
 and make them glib and easie,
 Thus if thou wilt my Man become,
 this usage thou shalt have,
 If not adieu go hang thy self
 and so farewell Sir Knave.
 King *Alfred* hearing of this glee,
 the churlish shepherd said,
 Was well content to be his man,
 so they a bargain made.
 A penny round the shepherd gave,
 in earnest of this match,
 To keep his sheep in field and fold
 as shepherds use to watch.
 His wages shall be full ten groats
 for service of a year,
 Yet was it not his use old Lad
 to hire a man so dear.
 For did the King himself (quoth he)
 unto my cottage come,
 He should not for a 12 months pay
 receive a greater sum.
 Hereat the bonny King grew blith
 to hear the clownish jest,
 How silly sots as custom is
 do discant at the best,

But not to spoil the foolish sport
 he was content good King,
 To fit the shepherd's humour right
 in every kind of thing.
 A sheep-hook then with patch his dog,
 and tar-box by his side.
 He with his Master jig by jowl,
 unto old *Gilian* hy'd,
 Into whose sight no sooner came,
 whom have you here (quoth she)
 A fellow I doubt will cut our throats,
 so like a knave looks he.
 Not so old dame quoth *Alfred* strait,
 of me you need not fear,
 My Master hir'd me for ten groats
 to serve you one whole year:
 So good dame *Gillian* grant me leave
 within your house to stay,
 For by Saint *Ann* do what you can,
 I will not yet away.
 Her churlish usage pleas'd him still,
 put him to such a proof,
 That he at night was almost choakt,
 withing that smoaky Roof:
 But as he sat with smiling cheer,
 the event of all to see,
 His dame broght fourth a piece of dow
 which in the fire throws she:
 Where lying on the Hearth to bake,
 by chance the Cake did burn,
 What canst thou not, thou lout (quoth she)
 take pains the same to turn .
 Thou art more quick to take it out
 and eat it up half dow,
 Then thus to stay till't be enough,
 and so thy manners show.
 But serve me such another trick,
 I'll thwack thee on the snout,
 Which made the patient King good man
 of her to stand in doubt :

But to be brief to bed they went
 the good old man and's wife,
 But never such a lodging had
 King *Alfred* in his life:
 For he was laid in white sheepes wooll
 new pull'd from tanned fells,
 And o're his head hang'd spiders webs
 As if they had been bells.
 Is this the Country guise thought he,
 then here I will not stay,
 But hence be gone as soon as breaks
 the peeping of next day.
 The cackling hens and geese kept roost
 and pearched at his side,
 Whereat the last the watchful Cock,
 made known the morning tide;
 Then up got *Alfred* with his horn,
 and blew so long a blast,
 That made *Gillian* and her Groom,
 in bed full sore agast.
 A rise, quoth she we are undone,
 this night we lodged have,
 At unawares within our house,
 a false dessembling knave;
 Rise husband, rise, he'l cut our throates;
 he calleth for his mates,
 Ide give old *Will* our good Cade lamb,
 he would depart our gates.
 But still King *Alfred* blew his horn,
 before them more and more,
 Till that a hundred Lords and Knights,
 all lighted at the door:
 Which cry'd all hail, all hail good King,
 long have we look'd your Grace,
 And here you find (my merry men all)
 your Sovereign in this place.
 We shall surely be hang'd up both,
 old *Gillian* I much fear,
 The shepherd said for using thus,
 our good King *Alfred* here:

O pardon my Liege, quoth *Gillian* then
 for my husband and for me,
 By these ten bones I never thought,
 the same that now I see ;
 And by my hook the shepherd said,
 an oath both good and true,
 Before this time O Noble King,
 I never your Highness knew :
 Then pardon me and my old wife,
 that we may after say,
 When first you came into our house,
 it was a happy day.
 It shall be done said *Alfred* freight,
 and *Gillian* thy old dame,
 For this thy churlish using me,
 deserveth not much blame ;
 For this thy Country guise I see,
 to be thus bluntish still,
 And where the plainest meaning is,
 remains the smallest ill.
 And master lo I tell the now,
 for thy low man-hood shown,
 A thousand Weathers I'll bestow,
 upon thee for thy own.
 And pasture ground as much as will
 suffice to feed them all,
 And this thy cottage I will change,
 into a stately hall.
 As for the same as duty binds,
 the shepherd said good King,
 A milk white white Lamb once every year,
 I'll to your highness bring.
 And *Gillian* my wife likewise,
 of wool to make you coats,
 Will give you as much at new years tide
 as shall be worth ten groats,
 And in your praise my Bagpipe shall
 sound sweetly once a year,
 How *Alfred* our renowned King
 most kindly hath been here.

Thanks shepherd, thanks, quoth he again,
 the next time I come hither,
 My Lords with me here in this house
 will all be merry together.

On the Tombs at Westminster Abby.

You must suppose it to be *Easter Holy-Days*: At what time *Sicily and Dol*, *Kate and Peggy*, *Moll and Nan*, are marching to Westminster, with a *Leash of Prentices* before 'em; who go rowing themselves along with their right Arms to make more hast, and now and then with a greasse Muckender wipe away the dripping that bastes their Fore-Heads. At the Door they meet a crowd of *Wapping Seamen*, *Southwark Broom-men*, the *Inhabitants of the Bank-Side*, with a *Butcher or two* prick't in among them. There a while they stand gaping for the master of the *Shew*, staring upon the *Suburbs* of their dearest delight, just as they stand gaping upon the painted *Cloath* before they go into the *Poppet Play*. By and by they hear the *Eunch of Keys*, which rejoyces their Hearts like the sound of the *Pancake Bell*. For now the *Man of Comfort* peeps over the *Spikes*, and beholding such a learned *Auditory*, opens the *Gate of paradise*, and by that time they are half got into the first *Chapel*, (for time is very precious) he lifts up his *Vioce* among the *Tombs*, and begins his *Lurrey* in manner and form following.

Sung or said, To a Tune in imitation of the *Old Soldiers*,
 Pag. 21.

Here lies *William de Valence*
 A right good *Earl of Pembroke*,
 And this is his *Monument* which you see,
 I'll swear upon a *Book*.

He was *High Marshall of England*,
 When *Henry the 3d.* did *Reign*,
 But this you take upon my *Word*,
 That he'll nere be so again.

Here

Here the Lord *Edward Talbot* lies,
The Town of *Shrewsbury's* Earl,
Together with his Countess fair,
That was a most delicate Girl.

The next to him there lyeth one,
Sir *Richard Peckshall* hight,
Of whom we only this do say,
He was a *Hampshire* Knight.

But now to tell ye more of him,
There lies beneath this Stone
Two Wives of his and Daughters four;
To all of us unknowen.

Sir *Bernard Brockhurst* there doth lie,
Lord Chamberlain to Queen *Ann*;
Queen *Ann* was *Richard* the seconds Queen,
And he was King of *England*.

Sir *Francis Hollis*, the Lady *Frances*;
The same was *Suffolks* Dutchess,
Two Children of *Edward* the third,
Lie here in Deaths cold Clutches.

This is the third King *Edward's* Brother,
Of whom our Records tell
Nothing of Note, nor say they whether
He be in Heaven or Hell.

This same was *John* of *Eldeston*,
He was no Coftermonger,
But *Cornwal's* Earl; And here's one Ty'd
Cause he could live no longer.

The Lady *Mohun*, Dutchess of *York*,
And Duke of *York's* Wife also;
Put Death resolv'd to Horn the Duke,
She lies now with Death below.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

The Lady *Ann* *Ross*, but wot ye well
That she, in Child-bed dy'd,
The Lady *Marquess* of *Winchester*
Lies Buried by her side.

Now think your Penny well spent good Folks ;
And that you are not beguil'd
Within this Cup doth lie the Heart
Of a *French* *Embassador's* Child.

But how the Devil it came to pass,
On purpose, or by chance,
The Bowels they lie underneath,
The Body is in *France*.

Dol. *I warrant ye
the Pharises car-
ried it away.*

There's *Oxford's* Countess, and there also
The Lady *Burleigh* her Mother,
And there her Daughter, a Countess too,
Lie close by one another.

These once where Bonny Dames, and though
There were no Coaches then,
Yet could they jog their Tails themselves,
Or had them jogg'd by Men.

Dick. *Ho, ho, ho,
I warrant ye they
did as other Wo-
men did, ha Ralf,
Ralf. Oy, Oy.*

But woe is me ! those high born Sinners
That went to pray so stoutly,
'Are now laid low, and cause they can't,
Their statues pray devoutly.

This is the Dutchess of *Somerset*,
By name the Lady *Ann*,
Her Lord *Edward* the sixth protected,
Oh ! He was a Gallant Man.

Tom. *I have
heard a Ballad of
him sang at Rat-
clif Cross. Mol.
I believe we have
it at home over
our Kitchen Man-
tle-Tree.*

In this fair Monument which you see
Adorn'd with so many Pillars,
Doth lie the Countess of *Buckingham*
And her Husband *Sir George Villers*.

This

This old Sir *George* was Granfather,
And the Countess she was Granny;
To the Great Duke of *Buckingham*,
Who often topt King *Jammy*.

Sir *Robert Eatam*, a *Scotch* Knight,
This Man was Secretary,
And scribb'l'd Compliments for two Queens;
Queen *Ann*, and eke Queen *Mary*.

This was the Countess of *Lenox*,
Yclep'd the Lady *Marget*,
King *Jame's* Granmother, and yet
'Gainst Death she had no Target.

This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*,
Whom *Buchanan* doth bespatter,
She lost her Head at *Tottinham*,
What ever was the matter.

The Mother of our seventh *Henry*,
This is that lyeth hard by,
She was the Countess wot ye well
Of *Richmond* and of *Derby*.

Henry the Seventh lieth here,
With his fair Queen beside him,
He was the Founder of this Chappel,
Oh may no ill betide him,

Therefore his Monument's in Brasse,
You'll say that very much is;
The Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*
There lieth with his Dutches.

And here they stand upright in a Press
with Bodies made of Wax,
With a Globe and a Wand in either hand,
And their Robes upon their Backs.

Dol. How came
she here then?
Will? Why ye filly
Case could not she
be brought here,
after she was
dead?

Rog. I warrant
ye these were no
small Fools in
these days.

Here

Here lies the Duke of *Buckingham*
 And the Dutchess his Wife ;
 Him *Felton* Stabb'd at *Portsmouth Town*
 And so he lost his Life:

Two Children of King *James* these are,
 Whom Death keeps very chary.
Sophia in the Cradle lies,
 And this is the Lady *Mary*.

Bess. Good Wo-
 man pray still your
 Child, it keeps such
 a bawling, we can't
 hear what the man
 says.

And this is Queen *Elizabeth*,
 How the *Spaniards* did invest her ?
 Here she lies Buried, with Queen *Mary*,
 And now agrees with her Sister.

To another Chappel now come we,
 The People follow and chat,
 This is the Lady *Cottingham*,
 And the People cry, who's that ?

This is the Lady *Francis Sidney*,
 The Countess of *Suffolk* was she,
 And this the Lord *Dudley Carleton* is,
 And then they look up and see ;

Sir *Thomas Brumley* lyeth here,
 Death would him not reprieve,
 With his four sons and Daughters four,
 That once were all alive.

The next is Sir *John Fullerton*,
 And this is his Lady I trow,
 And this is Sir *John Puckering*
 Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of *Bridgewater* in the middle,
 Who makes no use of his Bladder,
 Although his Lady lie so near him,
 And so we go up a Ladder.

Edward the first, that Gallant Blade,
Lies underneath this Stone,
And this is the Chair which he did bring
A good while ago from *Scone*.

In this same Chair till now of late
Our Kings and Queens were Crown'd;
Under this Chair another Stone
Doth lie upon the Ground.

On that same Stone did *Jacob* sleep
Instead of a down Pillow,
And after that t'was hither-brought
By some good honest Fellow.

Richard the second lieth here,
And his first Queen, *Queen Ann*;
Edward the third lies here hard by,
Oh there was a Gallant Man.

For this was his two handed Sword,
A Blade both true and trusty,
The *French* Men's Blood was ne're wip'd off,
Which makes it look so rusty.

Here lies he again with his *Queen Philip*,
A *Dutch* Woman by Record,
But that's all one, for now alas!
His Blade's not so long as his Sword.

King *Edward* the Confessor lies
Within this Monument fine.
I'm sure, quoth one, a worser Tomb,
Must serve both me and mine.

Harry the fifth lies there; and there
Doth lie *Queen Ellenor*,
To our first *Edward* she was Wife,
Which was more than ye knew before.

Kate. He took
more pains, than I
would ha don for
a hundred such.
Ralf. Gad I war-
rant there has
been many a *Mai-*
denhead got in
that Chair. *Tom*.
Gad and I'll come
bither and try one
of these Days, an't
be but to get a
Prince.

Dol. A Papist I
warrant him.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Henry the third lies there Entomb'd,
He was Herb *John* in Pottage,
Little he did, but still Reign'd on,
Although his Sons were at Age.

Fifty six Years he Reigned King,
E're he the Crown would lay by,
Only we praise him cause he was
Last Builder of the *Abby*,

Here *Thomas Cecil* lies, who's that?
Why 'tis the Earl of *Exeter*,
And this his Countess is; to Die
How it perplexed her.

Here *Henry Cary* Ld *Hunsdon* rests.
What a nose he makes with his Name?
Lord Chamberlian was he unto
Queen *Elizabeth* of great Fame.

And here's one *William Colchester*
Lies of a Certainty:
And Abbot was he of *Westminster*,
And he that saith no, doth lie.

This is the Bishop of *Durham*
By Death here layd in Fetters,
Henry the seventh lov'd him well,
And so he wrote his Letters.

Sir *Thomas Baccus*, what of him?
Poor Gentle man not a word,
Only they Buried him here; but now
Behold that Man with a Sword.

Humphrey de Bokun, who though he were
Not born with me i' the same Town,
Yet I can tell he was Earl of *Essex*,
Of *Hertford*, and *Northampton*.

Dol. Ay, ay, I
warrent her, rich
Folks are as un-
willing to die as
poor Folks

Silly. That's she
for whom our
Bells ring so of-
ten, is it not Ma-
ry? Mol. Ay, ay,
ibe very same.

He

He was High Constable of England,
As History well expresses.
But now pretty Maids be of good Chear,
Wee'r going up to the Presses.

And now the Presses open stand
And ye see them all arow,
But never no more is said of these
Then what is said below.

Now down the Stairs come we again,
The Man goes first with a Staff,
Some two or three tumble down the Stairs,
And then the People laugh.

This is the great Sir *Francis Vere*,
That so the *Spaniards* curry'd,
Four Collonels support his Tomb
And here his Body's Buried.

That Statue against the Wall with one eye,
Is Major General *Norris*,
He beat the *Spaniards* cruelly,
As is affirm'd in stories.

*Dick. I warrent
ye be had two, if
be could have
but kept 'em.*

His six Sons there hard by him stand,
Each one was a Commander,
To shew he could a Lady serve,
As well as the *Hollander*.

And there doth Sir *John Hollis* rest,
Who was the Major General
To Sir *John Norris* that brave blade,
And so they go to Dinner all.

For now the Show is at an end,
All things are done and said,
The Citizen pays for his Wife,
The Prentice for the Maid.

*The Character of a Seat's-man ; written by one of
the Craft : To be Sung on Crispin Night.*

Tune Packington's Pound.



I am one in whom nature has fix'd a decree,
Ordaining my life to happy and free,
With no cares of the world I am ever perplex'd,
And never depending I never am vex'd.
I'm neither of so high nor so low a degree,
But ambition and want are both strangers to me,
My life is a compound of freedom and ease,
I go where I will and I work when I please,
I live below envy and yet above spight,
And have judgment enough for to do my self right;
Some greater and richer I own there may be,
Yet as many live worse as live better than me,
And few That from cares live so quiet and free ;

When

When Money comes in I live well till it's gone,
So with it I'm happy, Content when I've none
I spend it Genteelly, and never repent,
If I loose it at Play why I count it but lent,
For that which at one time, I lose among Friends,
Another nights winning's still makes me amends,
And tho' I'm without the first day of the week,
I still make it out by shift or by tick,
In mirth at my work the swift hours do pass,
And by Saturday night, I'm as Rich as I was.

Then let Masters drudge on and be slaves to their trade,
Let their hours of Pleasure by business be stay'd,
Let them venture their stocks to be ruin'd by trust,
Let Clickers bark on the whole day at their post,
Let 'em tire all that pass, with their rotified cant,
"Will you buy any Shoe's, pray see what you want ;
Let the rest of the world, still contend to be great,
Let some by their Losses, Repine at their fate,
Let others that thrive, not content with their store,
Be plagu'd with the trouble and thoughts to get more,

Let wise men Invent, till the World be deceived,
Let fools thrive through fortune, and knaves be believed ;
Let such as are Rich know no want, but content,
Let others be plagu'd to pay taxes and rent ;
With more freedom and pleasure my time I'll employ,
And covet no blessings but what I enjoy.

Then let's celebrate *Crispin* with Bumpers and Songs,
And They that drink foul may it blister their tongues ;
Here's Two in a hand, and let no one deny 'em,
Since *Crispin* in youth was a Seat's-man as I am.

The Female scuffle, To the foregoing Tune.

OF late in the Park, a fair fancy was seen
 Betwixt an old *Baud* and a lusty young *Quean*,
 Their parting of Money began the uproar,
 I'll have half says the *Baud*, but you shan't says the *Whore*;
 Why 'tis my own House,
 I care not a Louse;
 I'll ha' three parts of four, or you get not a Soufe.

'Tis I says the *Whore* must take all the pains,
 And you shall be damn'd e're you get all the gains;
 The *Baud* being vex'd, frait to her did say,
 Come off wi' your *duds*, and I pray pack away.
 And likewise your *Ribands*, your *Gloves* and your *Hair*,
 For naked you came and so out you go bare,

 Then *Buttocks* so bold
 Began for to scold;
Hurrydan was not able her *Clack* for to hold.

Both *Pell Mell* fell to't, and made this uproar,
 With these complements, th'art a *Baud*, th'art a *Whore*,
 The *Bauds* and the *Buttocks* that liv'd there around
 Came all to the Case, both *Pockey* and *Sound*;
 To see what the reason was of this same fray,
 That did so disturb them before it was day.

 If I tell you amiss,
 Let me never more piss.
 This *Buttock* so bold she named was *Siss*.

By *Quiffing* with *Cullies* three pound she had got,
 And but one part of four must fall to her lot;
 Yet all the *Bauds* cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
 Unless she will yield to return her half share,
 If she will not we'll help to strip off her cloaths,
 And turn her abroad with a slit o'the Nose.

 Who when she did see
 There was no Remedy,
 For her from the tyrannous *Bauds* to get free,

The *Whore* from the Money was forced to yield,
And in the conclusion the *Baud* got the field.

An Elegy on Mountfort. To the foregoing Tune.

I

Poor *Mountfort* is gon, and the Ladies do all
Break their hearts for this Beau, as they did for *Duvall*,
And they the two bratts for this Tragedy damn
At *Kenington Court*, and the Court of *Bantam* :

They all vow and Swear

That if any Peer

Shou'd acquit this young Lord, he shou'd pay very dear,
Nor will they be pleased with him who on Throne is,
If he do's not his part to revenge their *Adonis*.

II

With the Widow their amorous Bowels do yearn
There are divers pretend to an equal concern ;
And by her perswasion their hearts they reveal
In case if not guilty to bring an appeal

They all will unite

The young Blade to indict,

And in prosecution will joyn day and night,
In the Mean-time full many a tear and a Groan is,
Where-ever they meet for their departed *Adonis*.

III

With the Ladies foul Murther's a horrible sin
Of one handsome without, tho' a Coxcomb within,
For not being a Beau the sad fate of poor Crab
Tho' himself hang'd for love, was a jest to each drab.

Then may *Fering* live long

And may *Risby* among

The Fair with *Jack Barkley* and *Culpepper* throng :
May no Ruffin whose heart as hard as a Stone is
Kill any of those for a Brother *Adonis*.

IV

No Lady hence-forth can be safe with her Beau,
 They think if this slaughter unpunish'd should go,
 Their Gallants, for whose Persons they most are in Pain
 Must no sooner be envy'd, but straight must be slain.

For all B — shape

None Car'd for the Rape

Nor whether the Virtuous their lust did escape.
 Their trouble of mind, and their anguish alone is
 For the too sudden fate of departed *Adonis*.

V

Let not every vain Spark think that he can engage
 The heart of a female, like one on the Stage,
 His Flute, and his Voice, and his Dancing are Rare,
 And wherever they Meet, they prevail with the Fair ;

But no quality Fop

Charms like Mr. Hop,

Adorn'd on the Stage, and in East-India Shop,
 So, that each from *Mis felton* to ancient *Drake Joan* is,
 Bemoaning the death of the Player *Adonis*.

VI

Yet *Adonis* in spite of this new abjuration,
 Did banter the lawful King of this great nation.
 Who call'd God's anointed a foolish old Prig,
 Was both a base and unmannerly Whigg.

But Since he is Dead

No more shall be said,

For he in repentance has laid down his head.
 So, I wish each Lady, who in mournful tone is,
 In charity Grieve for the death of *Adonis*.

Old SOLDIERS.



OF old Soldiers, the song you would hear,
 And we old Fiddlers, have forgot who they were;
 But all we remember, shall come to your Ear,
*That we are old Soldiers of the Queens,
 And the Queens old Soldiers.*

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man,
 To *Old Franciscus*, who first it began
 To sail through the straights of *Magellan*,
Like, an old Soldier &c.

That put the proud *Spanish Armado* to wrack,
 And travel'd all o'er the old world and came back,
 In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack;
Like, &c.

With an *Old Candish*, that seconded him,
 And taught his old Sailes the same passage to Swim;
 And did them therefore, with Cloath of Gold Trim;
Like, &c.

Like an old *Raleigh*, that twice and again,
 Sailed over most part of the Seas and then,
 Travell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen,
Like, &c.

With

With an old *John Norris*, the General,
 That at old *Gaunt*, made his Fame Immortal,
 In spight of his foes, with no loss at all.
Like, &c.

Like old *Brest Fort*, an invincible thing,
 When the old *Queen* sent him, to help the *French King*,
 Took from the proud *Fox*, to the worlds wondring,
Like &c.

Where an old stout *Fryer*, as goes the story,
 Came to push of Pike with him in vain-glory,
 But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory;
By this old Souldier, &c.

With an old *Ned Norris*, that kept *Ostend*,
 A terrour to Foe, and a refuge to Friend,
 And left it impregnable to his last End?
Like &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
 March'd o're the old bridge, and knockt at the wall,
 Of *Lisbon*, the Mistress of *Portugal*;
Like &c.

With an old *Tim Norris*, by the old *Queen* sent,
 Of *Munster* in *Ireland*, Lord president,
 Where his Days and his Blood, in her service he spent;
Like an old Souldier, &c.

With an old *Harry Norris* in Battle wounded
 In his Knee, whole Leg was cut off, and he said,
 You have spoyl'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed;
Like &c.

With an old *Will Norris*, the oldest of all,
 Who went voluntary, without any call,
 To th'old *Irish Warrs*, to's fame Immortal;
Like &c.

With

With an old *Dick Wenman*, the first in his prime,
That over the walls of old *Cales* did Clime,
And there was Knighted, and liv'd all his time ;
Like &c.

With an old *Nando Wenman*, when *Brest* was o'erthrown,
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recovering, long after was know ;
For an old &c.

With an old *Tom Wenman*, whose bravest delight,
Was in a good cause for his Country to fight,
And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight ;
And an old, &c.

With a young *Ned Wenman*, so valiant and bold,
In the wars of *Bobemia*, as with the Old,
Deserves for his valour to be Enroll'd ;
An old &c.

And thus of Old Soldiers, ye hear the fame,
But nere so many of one house and name,
And all of old *Fohn Lord Vescount of Thame* ;
An old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier,

The Hopeful Bargain: Or a Fare for a Hackney-Coachman, giving a Comical relation, how an Ale-draper at the Sign of the Double-tooth'd Rake in or near the new Palace-yard, Westminster, Sold his wife for a Shilling, and how she was sold a second time for five shillings to Judge; My Lord———Coachman, and how her Husband receiv'd her again after she had lain with other Folks three days and nights, &c. The Tune Lilly Bolero.



THere lives an Ale-draper near *New-palace-yard*,
 Who used to Jerk the Bum of his wife,
 And she was forced to stand on her Guard,
 To keep his clutches from her Quoiſſ.

She

She poor soul the weaker vessel
To be reconcil'd was easily won,
He held her in scorn,
But she Crown'd him with Horn,
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.

He for a Shilling sold his Spouse,
And she was very willing to go,
And left the poor Cuckold alone in the House ;
That he by himself his Horn might blow.
A Hackney Coach-man he did buy her ;
And was not this a very good Fun ?
With a dirty Pinner,
As I am a Sinner,
Without Hood or Scarff, but rough, &c.

The Woman gladly did depart,
Between three men was handed away,
He for her husband did care not a fart,
He kept her one whole night and day,
Then honest *Judge* the Coach man bought her ;
And was not this most cunningly done ?
Gave for her five Shilling,
To take her was willing,
Without Hood and Scarff, but rough. &c.

The Cuckold to *Judge* a Letter did send,
Wherein he did most humbly crave ;
Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,
My Spouse again I fain would have,
And if you will but let me have her,
I'll pardon what she e're has done,
I swear by my Maker,
Again I will take her,
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough, &c.

He sent an old Baud to interceed,
And to perswade her to come back,
That he might have one of her delicat breed :
And he would give her a ha'p'uth of Sack.

Therefore prithee now come to me,
 Or else poor I shall be undone,
 Then do not forgo me,
 But prithee come to me,
Without Hood or Scarff, tho' rough, &c.

The Coachman then with much ado,
 Did suffer the Baud to take her out,
 Upon the condition that she would be true,
 And let him have now and then a Bout.
 But he took from her forty Shillings,
 And gave her a parting Glass at the Sun.
 And then with good buy'te ye,
 Discharged his Duty,
And turn'd her a grazing, rough as she run.

The Cuckold invited the Coachman to dine,
 And gave him a Treat at his own expence,
 They drown'd all Cares in full brimmers of Wine:
 He made him as welcome as any Prince,
 There was all the Hungregation,
 Which from Cuckolds-Point was come,
 They kissed and Fumbled,
 They towzed and tumbled,
He was glad to take her rough as she run.

Fudge does enjoy her where he list,
 He values not the old Cuckold's pouts,
 And she is as good for the Game as e're pift,
 Fudge on his Horns sits drying of Clouts,
 She rants and revels when she pleases,
 And to end as I begun
 The Horned Wise-acer
 Is forced to take her,
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.

The Maiden Lottery : Containing 70 Thousand Tickets, at a Guinea each ; the Prizes being Rich and Loving Husbands, from three Thousand to one Hundred a Year, which Lottery will begin to draw on next Valentine's Day.

*Then pretty Lassies venter now,
Kind Fortune may her smiles allow.*



Young Ladies that live in the City,
 Sweet beautiful proper and tall,
 And Country Maids who dabling wades,
 Here's happy good News for you all:
 A Lottery now out of hand,
 erected will be in the Strand,
 Young Husbands with treasure, and wealth out of measure
 will fairly be at your command;
Of her that shall light of a fortunate Lott;
There's Six of three Thousand a Year to be got.

I tell you the Price of each Ticket,
 it is but a Guinea, I'll vow:
 Then hasten away and make no delay,
 and fill up the Lottery now:
 If *Gillian* that lodges in straw,
 shall have the good fortune to draw
 A Knight or a Squire, He'll never deny her,
 'tis fair and according to Law;
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,
There's Ten of two Thousand a Year to be got.

The number is seventy Thousand,
 When all the whole Lot is compleat;
 Five Hundred of which, are Prizes most rich,
 believe me for this is no Cheat.
 There's Drapers and Taylors likewise,
 brave Men that you cannot despise;
 Come *Bridget* and *Fenny*, and throw in your Guinea,
 a Husband's a delicate Prize:
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,
There's Ten of one Thousand a Year to be got.

Suppose you should win for your Guinea,
 a Man of three thousand a Year,
 Would this not be brave? what more would you have?
 you soon might in Glory appear,
 in glittering Coach you may ride,
 with Lackeys to run by your side,

For why should you spare it, faith, win Gold and wear it;
now who would not be such a bride?

*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,
There's sixty, five hundreds a year to be got.*

Old Widows, and Maids above forty,
shall not be admitted to draw;

There's five hundred and ten, as proper young Men,
indeed, as your eyes ever saw,

Who scorns for one Guinea of Gold
to lodge with a Woman that's old;

Young Maids are admitted, in hopes to be fitted,
with Husbands couragious and bold:

*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,
There are wealthy kind Husbands now, now, to be got.*

Kind Men that are full of good Nature,
the flaxen, the black, and the brown,

Both lusty and stout, and fit to hold out,
the prime and the top of the Town,

So clever in every part,
they'll please a young Girl to the heart;

Nay, kiss you, and squeeze you, and tenderly please you,
for Love has a conquering dart,

*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,
There are wealthy kind Husbands now, now, to be got.*

Then never be fearful to venture,
but Girls bring your Guineas away,

Come merily in, for we shall begin
to draw upon *Valentin's* day:

The Prizes are many and great,
each man with a worthy Estate;

Then come away *Mary, Sib, Susan, and Sarah,*
Joan, Nancy, and pretty fac'd Kate,

*For now is the time if you'll purchase a Lott,
While wealthy kind Husbands they are to be got.*

Amongst you I know their is many,
will mis of a Capital Prize,

Yet nevertheless, no sorrow express
 but dry up your watry eyes,
 Young Lasses it is but in vain,
 in sorrowful sighs to complain,
 Then ne'er be faint hearted, tho' luck be departed,
 for all cannot reckon to gain,
 Yet venture young Lasses, your Guineas bring in,
 The Lucky will have the good fortune to win.

A Song on the JUBILEE.



Come Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs and Musicians,
 Away, and in Troops to the *Jubile* jog ;
 Leave Discord and Death to the Colledge Physicians,
 Let the Vig'rous Where on, and the Impotent Flog :

Al-

Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,
And ev'ry Transgression her Lord will forgive ye,

II

Indulgences, Pardons, and such Holy Lumber,
As cheap there is now as our Cabbages grown ;
While musty old Reliques of Saints without number
For barely the looking upon, shall be shown.

These were you an Atheist must needs overcome ye,
That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.

III

They'll shew ye the River, so Sung by the Poets,
With the Rock from whence Mortals were knockt o'th' head ;
They'll shew ye the place too, as some will avow it,
Where once a She Pope was brought fairly to Bed.
For which, ever since, to prevent Interloping,
In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groaping.

IV

What a sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accoutred,
With Mitre and Cap, and two Keys by his side ;
Be his inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward,
Shews *Servus servorum*, no hater of Pride,
These Keys into Heav'n will as surely admit ye,
As Clerks of a parish to a Pew in the City.

V

What a sight 'tis to see the old man in possession,
Through *Rome* in such Pomp as her *Cæsars* did ride ;
Now scattering of Pardons, here Crossing, there Blessing
With all his shav'd Spiritual Train'd-Bans by his side ;
As, *Confessors*, *Cardinals*, *Monks* fat as Bacons,
From Rev'rend *Arch-Bishops*, to Rosie *Arch Deacons*.

VI

Then for your Diversion the more to regale ye,
Fine Music you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll see ;
Men who much shall out warble your famous *Fideli*,
And make ye meer Fools, of *Balloon* and L' *Abbe* ;

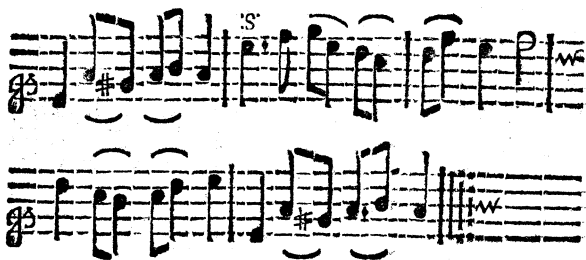
And to shew ye how fond they're to Kifs *Vofire Manos*,
Each *Padre* turns Pimp, all *Nuns* Courtezana's.

VII

And when you've some Months at old *Babylon* been-a,
And on Pardons, and Punks all your *Rhino* is spent;
And when you have seen all, that's there to be seen-a
You'll return not so Rich, tho' as Wise as you went:
And'twill be but small Comfort after so much Expence-a
That your Heirs will do just so an hundred Years hence-a.

A SONG. *The Words made by Mr. D'Urfey;*
Set by Mr. D. Purcell.





Young *Philander* woo'd me long,
 I was peevish and forbad him;
 Nor would hear his loving Song,
 And yet now I wish, I wish, I had him;
 For each morn I view my Glass,
 I perceive the whim is going;
 For when wrinkles streak the Face,
 We may bid farewell to Wooing,
 For when wrinkles streak the Face,
 We may bid farewell to Wooing.

Use your time ye Virgins fair,
 Choose before your days are evil;
 Fifteen is a Season rare,
 Five and forty is the Devil;
 Just when ripe consent to doo't,
 Hugg no more the lonely Pillow;
 Women like some other Fruit,
 Loose their relish when too mellow.
 :S: Women like some other Fruit,
 Loose their relish when too mellow.

A Young Man's WILL.



A Young man sick and like to dye,
 His last *Will* being written and found,
 I give my *Soul* to God on high,
 And my *Body* to the Ground :
 Unto some *Church-men* do I give
 Base minds to greedy *Lucre* bent,
Pride and *Ambition* whilst they live :
 By this my *Will* and Testament.

Item poor folks *brown bread* I give,
 And eke *bare bones* with hungry cheeks ;
Toil and *Travel* whilst they live,
 And to feed on *Roots* and *Leeks*.

Item

Item to Rich men I bestow,
High *Looks*, low *Deeds* and hearts of flint,
And that themselves they seldom know ;
By this &c.

Proud stately *Courtiers* do I Will,
Two faces in one head to wear :
For Great men *bribes* I think most fit,
Pride and *oppression* through the year.
Tenants I give them leave to lose,
And *Landlords* for to raise their *Rent* ;
Rogues to fawn Collogue and glose,
By this &c.

Item to *Soldiers* for their *Fees*,
I give them *Wounds* their bodies full :
And for to beg on bended knees,
With Cap in hand to every *Gull* :
Item I will poor *Schollars* have,
For all their pains and Travel spent ;
Rags, *Faggs* and *Taunts* of every Knave,
By this &c.

To *Shoemakers* I grant this Boon,
Which *Mercury* gave them once before ;
Altho' they earn two pence by Noon,
To spend 'ere night two Groats and more :
And *Blacksmiths* when the work is done
I give to them incontinent ;
To drink two Barrels with a Bun,
By this &c.

To *Weavers* swift this do I leave,
Against that may beseem them well :
That they their good Wives do deceive,
Bring home a yard and steal an ell.
And *Tailors* too must be set down,
A *Gift* to give them I am bent ;
To cut four sleeves to every Gown,
By this &c.

To Tavern haunters grant I more,
 Red eyes, Red nose and stinking breath:
 And doublets foul with drops before,
 And foul shame until their *Death*;
 And *Gamesters* that will never leave,
 Before their *Substance* be all spent:
 The wooden *Dagger* I bequeath,
 By this &c.

To common *Fiddlers* I will that they,
 Shall go in poor and thread bare coats:
 And at most places where they play,
 To carry away more *Tunes* than *Groats*.
 To wandring *Players* I do give,
 Before their *Substance* be all spent:
 Proud silk'n *Beggers* for to live,
 By this &c.

To *Wenching* smell-smocks give I these,
 Dead looks, gaunt purrs and crasy back:
 And now and then the foul *Disease*,
 Such as *Gill* gave to *Jack*.
 To *Parrotors* I give them clear,
 For all their *Toil* and *Travel* spent:
 The Devil away such *Knaves* to bear,
 By this &c.

I will that *Cutpurses* haunt all *Fairs*,
 And thrust among the thickest throng;
 That neither *Purse* nor *Pocket* spare,
 But what they get to bare along:
 But if they *Falter* in their trade,
 And so betray their bad intent;
 I give them *Tyburn* for their share,
 By this &c.

To Serving men I give this Gift,
 That when their strength is once decay'd:
 The master of such men do shift,
 As horsemen do a toothless *Fade*.

Item I give them leave to *Pine*,
For all their service so ill spent ;
And with *Duke Humphry* for to Dine,
By this &c.

Item to *Millers* I Grant withal,
That they Spare nor Poke nor Sack ;
But with *Grift*, so e'er befall,
They Grind a Strike and steal a *Peck*.
I will that *Butchers* Huff their Meat
And sell a lump of *Ramish* scent ;
For Wether *Mutton* good and sweet,
By this &c.

I will *Ale Wives* punish their Guests,
With hungry Cakes and little Cans :
And barm their drink with new found *Yeast*,
Such as is made of *Pisspot* grounds :
And she that meaneth for to gain,
And in her house have Mony spent ;
I will she keep a pretty *Punk*,
By this &c.

To jealous *Hsbands* I do grant,
Lack of Pleasure want of Sleep
That *Lanthorn* horns they never want,
Tho' ne'er so close their Wives they keep ;
And for their Wives I will that they,
The closer up that they are pent :
The closer still they seek to play,
By this &c.

For swearing *swaggerers* nought is left,
To give them for a parting blow :
But leaving off of damned Oaths,
And that of them I will bestow
Item I give them for their pain,
That when all hope and lively hood's spent :
A wallet or a hempen Chain,
By this my Will and Testament.

Time and longest Livers do I make,
 The supervisere of my Will :
 My Gold and Silver let them take,
 That will dig for't in *Malvein* hill.

A New Song, Sung at the Play-house.

By Mr. Dogger.



IN the Devil's Country there lately did dwell,
 A crew of such Whores as was ne'er bread in Hell,
 The Devil himself he knows it full well,
 Which nobody can deny, deny ;
 Which nobody can deny.

There were Six of the gang, and all of a blood,
 Which open'd as soon as got into the bud
 There are five to be hang'd when the other proves good,
 Which nobody can deny &c.

But it seems they have hither o Sav'd all their lives,
 Since they cou'd not live honest there's four made Wives,
 The other two they are not Marry'd but Sw——s,
 Which nobody can deny &c.

The

The Eldest the Matron of 'tother five Imps,
Though as chaste as *Diana* or any o'th Nymphs
Yet rather than Daughter shall want it the pimps,
Which nobody can deny &c.

Damn'd proud and ambitious both old and the young,
And not fit for honest men to come among
A damn'd Itch in their Tail, and sting in their Tongue,
Sing tantarra rara Whores all, Whores all,
Sing tantarra rara Whores all.

A SONG.



MArriage it seems is for Better for Worse,
Some count it a Blessing and others a Curse:
The Cuckold is as Blest if the Proverb prove true,
And then there's no doubt but in heav'n there's enough;
Of honest rich Rogues who ne'er had got there,
If their wives had not sent 'em thro' trembling and fear.
Some

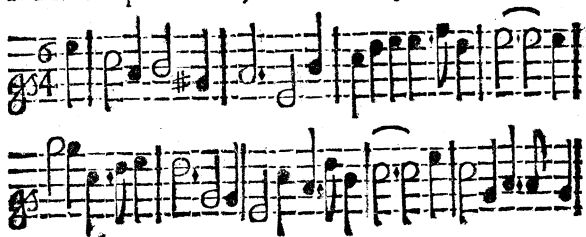
Some Women are honest tho' rare in a wife,
 Yet with scoulding and brawling they'll shorten your life;
 You ne're can enjoy your bottle and friend,
 But your wife like an Imp is at your elbow's end,
 Crying fie, fie, you sot, come, come, come, come,
 So these are unhappy abroad and at home.

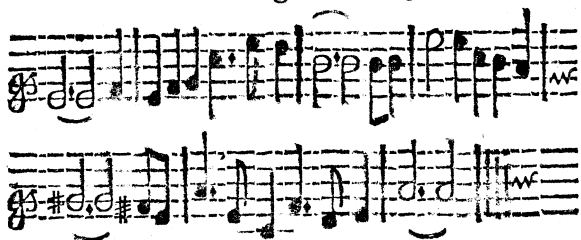
We find the Batchelor liveth best,
 Tho' Drunk or Sober he takes his rest,
 He never is troubled with scolding and strife,
 'Tis the best can be said of a very good wife,
 But merrily day and night does spend,
 Enjoying his Mistress, Bottle and Friend.

A Woman out-wits us do what we can,
 She'll make a fool of ev'ry wise man;
 Old mother *Eve* did the Serpent obey,
 And has taught all her Sex that damnable way;
 Of Cheating and Cozening all Mankind,
 'Twere better if *Adam* had still been blind.

The poor Man that Marries he thinks he does well,
 I pity's condition for sure he's in Hell,
 The fool is a Sotting and spends all he gets,
 The Child is a Bawling the wife daily Frets,
 That Marriage is pleasant we all must agree,
 Consider it well there's none happier can be.

A Satyr or Ditty, upon the Farring of the two East-India Companies. By Mr. Durtsey.





O Ne Morn as lately Musing,
 I went to the City to Poll,
 Where Members then were a chusing,
 I chanc'd to take up a Scroll,
 A stinging Jeft by my Soul,
 It afterwards happen'd to be,
 For the first Words as I unrol'd,
 Were Agree, you rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Tho' th' Authors Brains did Ramble,
 The Sence was Po'ynant and strong,
 I soon found by the preamble,
 'Twas made of a Trading Throng;
 That to *East-India* belong,
 As by the Matter you'll see,
 For the Burthen still of my Song,
 Was Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Their Golden Bags Increasing,
 The old Company purse proud grew,
 Till at last two Millions raising,
 Some others, set up a new;
 And they were for Trafficking too,
 And Cheating by Land and by Sea,
 And swore they'd t'other undo,
 Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

Resolv'd to be thought Thrifty.
 They got Subscriptions like mad,

Some wrote ten hundred and fifty,
 A Thousand more than they had,
 I thought 'em bewitch'd, by gad,
 Or that I some Vision did see,
 But the Old to truckle they made,
 Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree;

A Thousand Rogues and Cheaters,
 In *Cornhill* you'd hear them call,
 The Tories, and the Tubmeeters,
 That roosted near *Leaden-Hall*,
 Oh how *Cheapside* too did bawl,
 At those in the Poltery,
 For shame leave acting your Droll,
 And Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

To the Senate then with Vigour,
 The Old soon after adress'd,
 Tho' half were chows'd by the Tiger,
 That wond'rous politick Beast,
 The Whilst the unfortunate rest,
 In course outvoted must be,
 Was ever known such a Jest,
 Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Tho' balk'd by this Digression,
 Yet moving another Spring,
 They made amens the next Session,
 And clearly carry'd the thing,
 To Court, their Case then they bring,
 And reverence made on the Knee,
 But the answer got from the K ———
 Was agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Tho' kept awhile at Distance,
 Yet least they should totally drop,
 They got a Legal Existence,
 And then were straight cock a hoop,
 But when the new ones did stoop,
 The t'other as huffing would be,

For now agen they got up,
Come Agree, Stubborn Cuckolds, Agree.

The New with false sham Stories,
Of which each noddle was full,
Equipt Sir *W. N.*
An Envoy to the Mogul,
And he did the Collony fool,
With Tidings that never will be,
Were e'er Stockjobbers so dull,
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

The Old, that knew this Passage,
And what Commission he bore,
A Jolly Lad, with a Message,
To Contradiſt it ſent o'er,
Another Pocket he wore,
Five hundred Pounds was his Fee,
It ſhould have been as much more,
Come, Agree to that Miſers, Agree.

Ye Jarring Powers that rule us,
What fooliſh doings are here,
Whilſt theſe two Faſtions fool us,
No honeſt Man can appear,
No Mayor be choſe for a Year,
But that ſome trick in't will be,
Nor Knight can ſtand for the Shire,
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

What hopes to have free Senates,
Whilſt you are playing this Game,
And bribe the Boors and Tenants,
Through Spite each other to tame,
The Church too Faith has a Maim,
Whilſt Whigs, and high Tories, there be,
Reform, Rẽform, then for Shame,
And Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

A S O N G.



THe Cavaleer was gone, and the Roundhead he was
 Was the greatest Blessing under the Sun ; (come,
 Before the Devil in Hell long'd out and ript the Placket of
 Ay, and take her Money too, (better,
 Chor. Cot blefs her Master Roundhead, and send her well
 (to do.

Now her can go to *Shrewsperry* her Flanning for to sell,
 Her can carry a creat charge of Money about her,
 Thirty or Forty Groats lapt in a Welch Carter,
 Ay, and think her self rich too.
 Chor. Cot blefs, &c.

Now her can coe to Shurch, or her can stay at home,
 Her can say her Lord's Prayer, or her can let it alone :
 Her can make a Prayer of her own Head, lye with her
 Ay, and say a long Crace too. (Holy Sister,
 Chor. Cot blefs, &c.

But yet for all the great Cood that you for her have done,
 Would you wou'd make Peace with our King, and let her
 (come home,
 Put off the Millitary Charge, Impoft and Excise,
 Ay, and free quarter too.

Chor. Then Cot shall blefs your Master Roundhead, and
 (send her well so do.

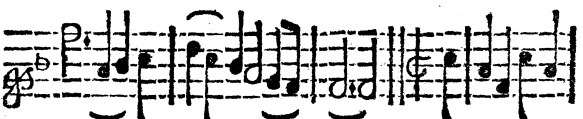
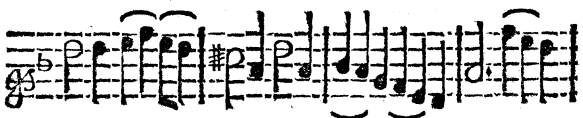
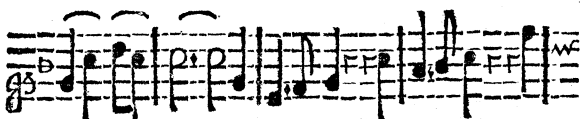
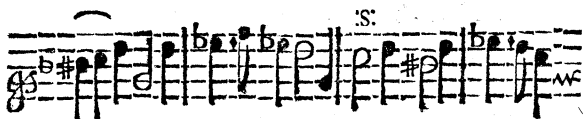
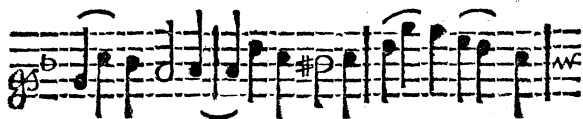
A SONG Sung by Mrs. Cross, Set by Mr.
Jeremiah Clarke.



Divine *Astrea* hither flew,
To *Cynthia's* brighter throne;
She left the Iron World below,
To bless the Silver Moon:
She left the Iron World below,
To bless the Silver Moon.

Tho' *Phæbus* with his hotter beams,
Do's Gold in Earth Create;
That leads those wretches to Extreame,
Of Av'rice Lust and Hate.

*A S O N G in the (Surpriz'd Lovers.) Set by Mr.
John Eccles, Sung by Mr. Bowman.*

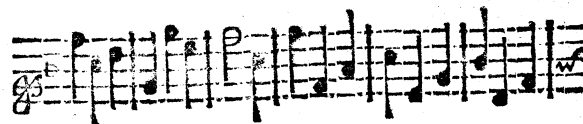
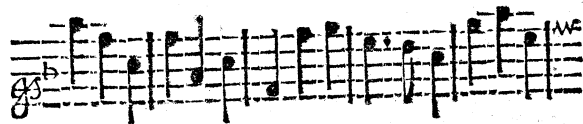
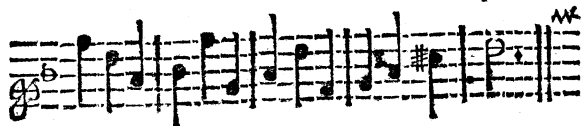
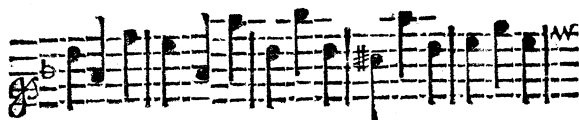
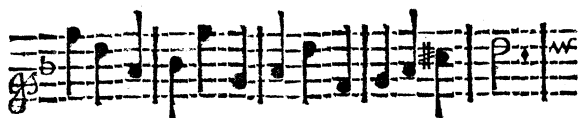
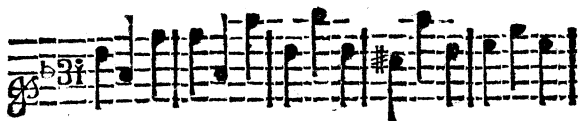


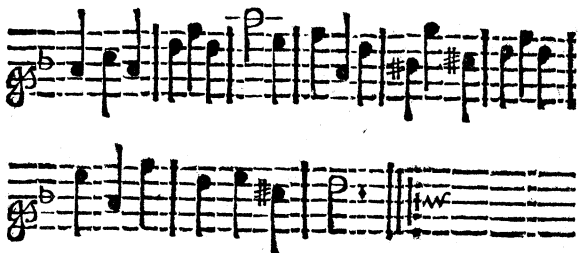


When first I saw her charming Face,
 Her taking Shap and moving Grace;
 My Rosie Cheeks, my Rosie Cheeks did glow with heat;
 My Heart and my Pulse did beat, beat, beat,
 My Heart and Pulse did beat;
 I wish'd for a, I wish'd for a, do you, do you guess what,
 Do you guess what makes Soldiers fight,
 Soldiers fight and States-men Plot;

Subdues us all in every thing,
 And makes, makes a Subject of a King,
 Still she deny'd, and I reply'd,
 Away she flew, I did pursue,
 At last I catch'd her fast;
 But oh! had you seen, but oh! had you seen,
 Had you seen what had past between;
 Oh! I fear, I fear, oh! I fear, I fear, oh! I fear,
 I fear, I fear, I have spoil'd her Waist,

A SONG on the Campaigners. *The Words by Mr. Tho. D'Ursey, to a Tune of the late Mr. Henry Purcell's.*





New Reformation, begins through the Nation,
And our grumbling Sages, that hope for good wages,
Direct us the way:

Sons of Muses then Cloak your abuses,
And leaft you fhould trample on pious example,
Obferve and obey.

Time frenzy Curers, and stubborn Nonjurors,
For want of Diversion, now Scourge the lewd Times:
They've hinted, they've Printed, our vein it profane is,
And worft of all Crimes;

Dull clod pated Railers, Smiths Coblers and Colliers,
Have damn'd all our Rhimes.

Under the Notion, of Zeal for devotion;
The Humours has fir'd 'em, or rather inspir'd 'em,
To tutor the Age:

But if in Season, you'd know the true reason;
The hopes of Preferment, is what make the Vermin,
Now rail at the Stage.

Cuckolds and Canters, with Scruple and Banters;
The old Forty-one Peal, againft Poetry Ring:
But let State Revolvers, and Treason Abfolvers,
Excufe me if I Sing.

The Rebel that choofes to cry down the Muses,
Wou'd cry down the King.

A Dialogue between a Town Sharper and his Hostess, Sung by Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Pate; Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Sharpe.



Host.





Sharp. **W** Hilst wretched Fools sneak up and down,
 Play hide and seek about the Town;
 Deprest by Depts, and Fortunes frown,
 By Duns too kept in awe:
 When ever my occasions call,
 And 'mongst my Creditors I fall;
 I've one fine Song that Pays 'em all;
 Fa, la, &c.

Hof. Good morrow Sir, I'm glad to see,
 Your Humour is so brisk and free;
 I hope the better 'tis for me,
 If you your Purse will draw;
 Y'have been two years at Bed and Beard,
 And I, Lord help me took your Word;
 But now must have what here is Scor'd,
 For all your Fa, la, la, la.

Sharp. My purse sweet Hostess is but lank,
 But I have something else in bank;
 And you at home I'll kindly thank,
 With charming sweet *Sol fa*.
 We'll sit and Chaunt from Morn to Noon,
 No Nightingal in *May* or *June*,
 Did ever Sing so fine a Tune,
 As *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

Host. You take me for an Idiot sure,
 Will this fine Tune my debt secure,
 Or pay my Baker or my Brewer,
 Or keep me from the Law,
 To buy your Shirts there's Mony lent,
 Besides in Meat and Drink more spent;
 And can you think I pay my Rent,
 With *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

Sharp. I'll teach thee such a pretty Song,
 Shall please the Rich, Poor, Old, and Young;
 Get thee a Husband Stout and Strong,
 Some Country rich Jack-Daw;
 Nay more I'll bring to quit my Scores,
 A crew of Topping Sons of Whores;
 Shall Drink all Night and Charm the Hours,
 With *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

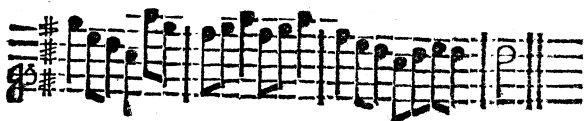
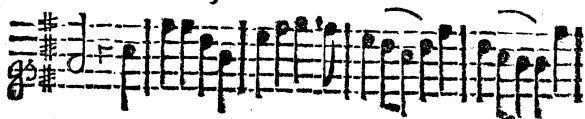
Host. Ye cunning Rogue this wheedling talk,
 You fancy will rub out my chalk;
 But I your fly design will balk,
 When you to Jayl I draw;
 Your boasted Song's a foolish thing,
 For do but you the Mony bring,
 You'll find I can already sing,
 fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp.

Sharp.



Hof.

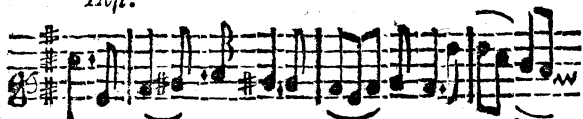
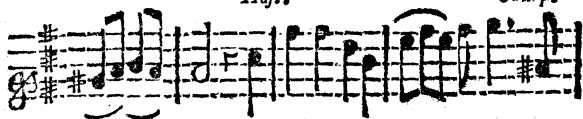
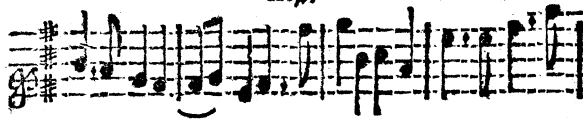


Sharp. Well since Dame Fortune is my Foe
And that I must to Prison go;
Let's have a Neat frisk or so,
And then rub on the Law.

Hof. Well since you're on the merry Pin,
And make so slight the Counter-Gin;
I'll do't and let the Tune begin,
With Fa la &c.

They Dance.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

*Sharp.**Hofst.**Hofst.**Hofst.**Sharp.**Hofst.*

Sharp. Has not my Dance ill Humour Charm'd ?

Hofst. I must confess my Blood is warm'd.

Sharp. And Heart I hope by Love alarm'd,
To laugh ha, ha, ha, ha.

Hofst. You think you've catch'd me now I smile,

Sharp. No that I'll do at Night dear child.

Hofst. Well I'll the Bayliffs stop a while,
To try your Fa, la, &c.

A SONG Set by Mr. Ackeroyde.



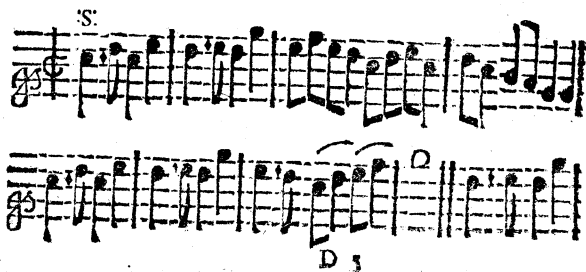
THe *Devil* he pull'd off his *facket* of flame,
 the *Fryer* he pull'd off his Cowle,
 The *Devill* took him for a dunce of the Game,
 the *Fryer* took him for a Fool;
 He piqu'd, and repiqu'd so oft, that at last,
 he swore by the Jolly fat *Nuns*,
 If Cards came no better than those that are past,
 Oh! oh! I shall lose all my *Buns*.

*A SONG. Set by Mr. William Croft.**Sing the 1st. 6. lines to the 1st. Strain.**End with the 1st. Strain.*

A H! How sweet are the cooling Breeze,
 And the Blooming Trees,
 When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*;
 When we meet there,
 The Nightingale sing pretty Tales,
 Mistaking my Dear,
 For their Goddess *Aurora*:
 Gessamins and Roses,
 A Thousand pretty Poses;
 The Summers Queen discloses,
 And strews as she walks,
 Oh! *Venus*, oh! how sweet are the cooling Breeze,
 And the Blooming Trees,
 When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*,
 Passion, Devotion,
 She gains with each Motion;
Lutes too, and *Flutes* too, are heard when she Talks,
 Oh *Venus*, oh! how sweet are the cooling Breeze,
 And the Blooming Trees,
 When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*.

Young Gustavus, or the King of Sweeden's Health;
Dedicated to all the Sweedish Merchants in Lon-
don. The Words by Tho. D'Urfey, to a March
of Mr. Jeremiah Clark's.

Sing the first 8 Lines to the first Strain, and the rest to the last.





Drink, my Boys, Drink and rejoyce,
 There never was this hundred Years,
 For *Europe* better Cause;
 The *Czar* is maul'd,
 His Foxes hol'd,
 In Shoals the Bears do fly;
 Tho' 'tis clear.
 His sneaking here,
 Was silly to be taught of us the Policy of War,
 Yet who'd have thought the Frantick Sot,
 Durst fall on our Ally;
 But he's gone,
 He's quite undone,
 His Money and Artillery the *Sweed* has won;
French Measures now will fail,
 And *Spanish* wont prevail;
 This Action has turn'd the Scale;
 Follow then thou Flow'r of Men,
 The Spirit of thy Ancestor revive again;
 And whilst they howl and rave,
 A Bumper we will have,
 A Health to Young *Gustave*.

A New Song Translated from the French.



Pretty Parret, say when I was away,
 And in dull Absence pass'd the day
 What at home was doing?
 With Chat and Play,
 We are Gay,
 Night and Day,
 Good Chear and Mirth renewing;
 Singing, Langhing all, Singing Laughing all, like pretty,
 (pretty Poll.
 Was

Was no Fop so rude, boldly to Intrude,
 And like a sawcy Lover wou'd
 Court, and Teaze my Lady :

A Thing you know,
 Made for Show,
 Call'd a Beau,

Near her was always ready,
 Ever at her call, like pretty pretty Po^l.

Tell me with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
 And how she could with Patience bear,
 All he did and utter'd :

He still address'd,
 Still caress'd,
 Kiss'd and press'd ;

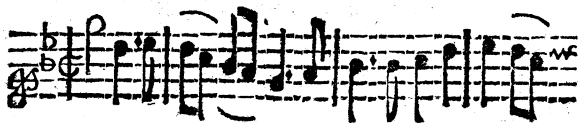
Sung, Prattl'd, Laugh'd, and Flutter'd
 Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Po^l.

Did he go away at the close of the Day,
 Or did he ever use to stay
 In a Corner dodging,

The want of Light,
 When 'twas Night,
 Spoil'd my sight :

But I believe his Lodging,
 Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Po^l.

The Three Goddesses : Or, The Glory of Tunbridge Wells. The Words by Mr. D'Urfey, made to a Tune of Mr. Barretts.





Leave

Leave, leave the drawing Room,
 Where Flowers of Beauty us'd to Bloom,
 The Nymph fated to o'recome,
 Now Triumphs at the Wells;
 Shape Air, and Charming Eyes,
 Her Face the Gay, the Grave and Wise,
 The Beaus spite of Box and Dice,
 Acknowledge all Excells;
 Cease, Cease to ask her Name,
 The Crown'd Muses noblest Theam,
 Whose Graces by Immortal Fame,
 Should only Sounded be,
 But if you long to know,
 Look round yonder Dazling Row,
 And who does most like an Angel show,
 You may be sure is she.

See near the Sacred Springs,
 That cure to feel Diseases brings,
 As Loud Fame of Idia Sings,
 Three Goddeffes appear,
 Wealth, Glory too posselt,
 The third with Charming Beauty blest,
 So rare Heaven and Earth confest,
 She conquered every where,
 Like her this Charmer now,
 Makes all Love-sick Gazers bow,
 Nay even old Age the Flame allow,
 That influences all,
 Wealth can no Trophy rear,
 Nor bright Fame the Garland wear,
 To Beauty every *Paris* here,
 Devotes the Golden Ball.

A Song by a Person of Honour. Set by Mr. J. Weldon.



AT Noon in a sultry Summer's day,
The brightest Lady of the May,
Young *Cloris* Innocent and Gay,

Sat

Sat Knotting in a shade:
 Each slender Finger play'd its part,
 With such activity and Art;
 As wou'd in-flame a Youthful Heart,
 And warm'd the most decay'd:

Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by;
 She had him quickly in her Eye,
 Yet when the Bashful Boy drew nigh,
 She wou'd have seem'd afraid,
 She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted Ball;
 Then gave her *Strephon* such a call,
 as wou'd have wak'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth is't none but thee?
 With Innocence I dare be free;
 By so much trust and modesty,
 No Nymph was e'er betray'd,
 Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,
 While thy soft Cheeks I stroak and clap;
 Thou may'st securely take a Nap,
 Which he poor Fool, Obey'd.

She saw him Yan and heard him Snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o're;
 She sigh'd——and cou'd no more,
 But Starting up she said,
 Such Vertue shou'd rewarded be,
 For this thy dull fidelity;
 I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me,
 Pursue thy Grazing trade.

Go milk thy Goats and Sheer thy Sheep,
 And watch all night thy Flocks, to keep;
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep,
 By me mistaken Maid.

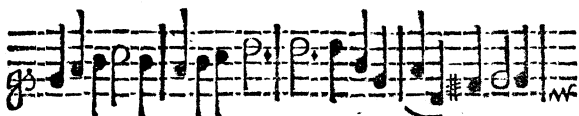
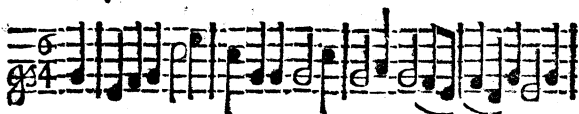
A Song. Set by Mr. Jeremy Clark.



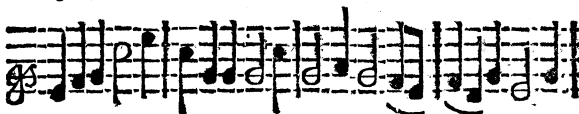
While the Lover is thinking,
 With my Friend I'll be Drinking,
 And with Vigour pursue my Delight,
 While the Fool is designing
 His fatal confining,
 With *Baccus* I'll spend the whole Night,
 With the God I'll be Jolly,
 Without Madness or Folly.
 Fickle Woman to Marry Implore,
 Leave my Bottle and Friend,
 For so Foolish an end,
 When I do may I never drink more.

*The Country-Dialogue made by Mr. Tho : D'Ursey,
Set by Mr. Daniel Purcel, Sung by Mr. Peirson
and Mrs. Harris at Mrs. Mynns's Booth in
Bartholomew-Fair.*

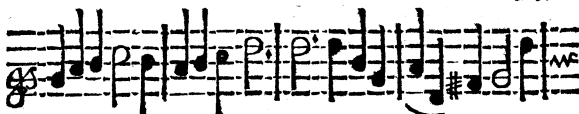
He.



She.



He.



She.

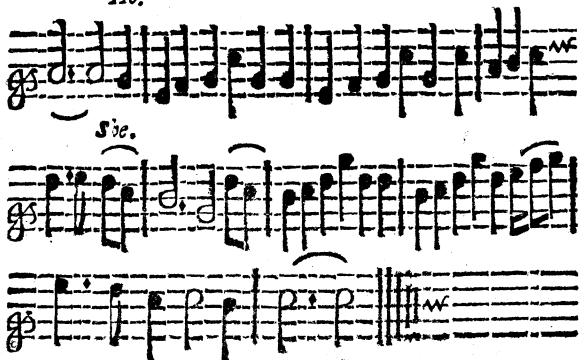
He.



She.



He.



He **W**here Oxen do Low,
And Apples do grow;

Where Corn is sown,

And Grass is mown;

Where Pigeons do fly,

And Rooks Nestle high;

Fate give me for Life a Place:

She Where Hay is well Cock'd,

And Udders are Stroak'd,

Where Duck and Drake,

Cry quack, quack, quack;

Where Turkeys lay eggs,

And Sows suckle Pigs,

Oh! there I would pass my days.

He On nought we will feed,

She But what we do breed;

And wear on our backs,

He The wool of our flocks;

She And tho' Linnen feel rough,

Spun from the wheel,

'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

He Town follies and Cullies,

And Molleys and Dolleys,

For ever adiu, and for ever;

She

She And Beaus that in Boxes,
Lye snugling their Doxies,
With Whiggs that hang down to Bums.

II.

He Good b'bye to the Mall.
The Park and Canal ;
St. James's Square,
And Flaunters there :
The Gaming house too,
Where high Dice and low,
Are manag'd by all degrees :
She Adieu to the Knight,
Was bubbled last night,
That keeps a Blowz,
And beats his spouse ;
And now in great haste,
To pay what he's lost,

Sends home to cut down his Trees,

He And well fare the Lad,

She Improves e'ery Clad,

He That ne'er sets his hand,

To Bill or to Bond,

She Nor barter's his Flocks,

For Wine or the Pox,

To chouse him of half his Days :

He But Fishing and Fowling,

And hunting and Bowling,

His Pastime is ever, and ever ;

She Whose Lips when you buss 'em,

Smell like the Bean-blossom,

Oh he 'tis shall have my praise !

III

He To Tavern where goes

Sow'r Apples and Sloes.

A long adieu !

And farewell too,

The House of the Great,
Whose cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirst.

Sbc. Good b'bye to the Change,
Where Rantepoles range;
Farewel cold Tea,
And Rattafee,
Hide-Park too, where Pride
In Coaches do ride,

Altho' they be choak'd with Dust,

He. Farewel the Law-Gown,

Sbc. The plague of the Town,

He. And Foe to the Crown,
That should be run down;

Sbc. With City-Jack-daws,
That make Staple-Laws,

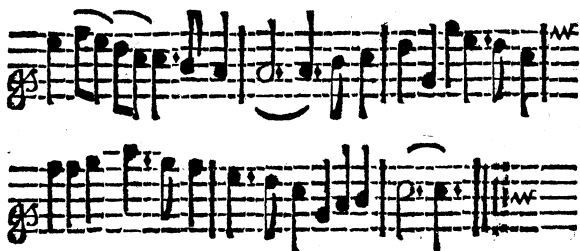
To Measure by Yards and Ells.

He. Stock-Jobbers and Swobbers,
And Packers and Tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever;

Cho. *We know what you're doing,
And home we're both going.
And so you may ring the Bells.*

A Health to the Tackers.





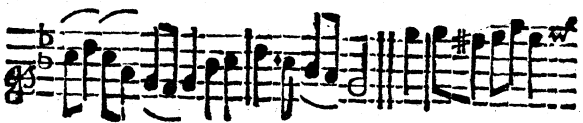
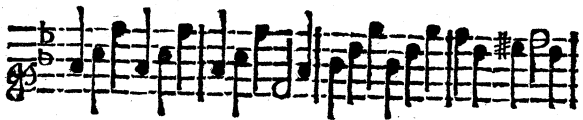
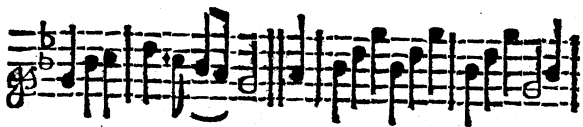
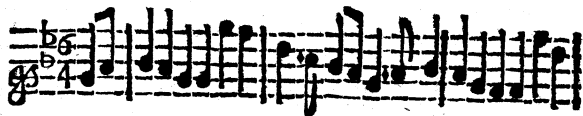
Here's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,
 But mine A — se for the Tackers about,
 May the brave *Englisk* Spirits come in,
 And the Knaves and Fanaticks turn out :
 Since the Magpyes of late, are confounding the State,
 And wou'd pull our Establishments down,
 Let us make 'em a Jest, for they shit in their Nest
 And be true to the Church and the Crown.

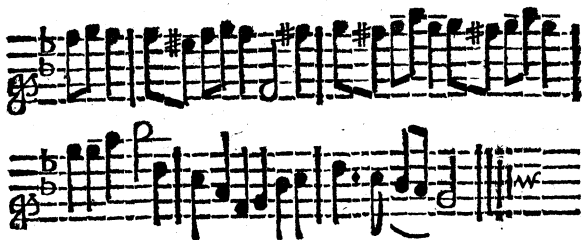
Let us choose such Parliament Men
 As have stuck to their Principles tight,
 And wou'd not their Country betray
 In the Story of *Ashby* and *White*,
 Who care not a T — d, for a Whig or a Lord,
 That won't see our Accounts fairly stated,
 For C — ll ne're Fears the Address of those Peers,
 Who the Nation of Millions have Cheated.

The next thing adviseable is,
 Since Schism so strangely abounds,
 To oppose e'ry Man that's set up
 By Dissenters in Corporate Towns,
 For High Church, and Low Church, has brought us to no
 And Conscience so bubbld the Nation, (Church ,
 For who is not still. for Conformity Bill
 Will be surely a R — — — on Occasion.

*The Loyal Scot, or, the Kings Health. A New
SONG. The Words made to a Pretty Scotch
Tune.*

Note: You must Sing 8 Lines to each Strain.





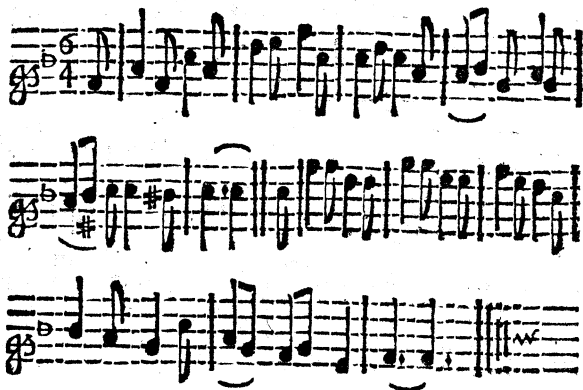
Now the ground is hard Froze and cawd Winter is come,
 And our Master great *Willy* from *Holland's* got home;
 Now the Parliament Leards are sat down to command,
 I've gang o'er the *Tweed* into bonny *England*;
 I've oft heard of *Willy* in *Edinburgh* town,
 Of his muckle great Deeds and his gallant Renown;
 But I ne'er saw his face yet, nor kiss'd his fair Hand,
 So I've gang for that Honour to bonny *England*.

To save us in season he cross'd o'er the Seas,
 Turn'd out Popish Rats that were Eating our Cheese;
 Reliv'd us from *Rome* when we aw were trapan'd,
 'Twas weel he came hither for bonny *England*;
 He fought for our freedom, and finish'd the work,
 He rooted out Mass, and he Licens'd the Kirk;
 He Peace too secur'd spight of all durst withstand,
 For th' profit and honour of bonny *England*.

He vallyourously, vallyourously Life did expose,
 Then generously, generously guard him from foes;
 Nea mear o'th' Army send heam, and disband,
 Ye Deaughty Law makers of bonny *England*.
 But merry, merry be, very merry ye Lads of *White-Hall*,
 Sing derry, derry down, derry, derry down, derry, derry
 [down all;

And to Royal *Willy* take fix in a hand,
 Ye Jolly brave Topers of bonny *England*.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Anthony Young.



Since *Celia* only has the Art,
 And only She can captivate;
 And wanton in my Breast,
 All other pleasure I despise:
 Than what are from my *Celia*'s Eyes;
 In her alone I'm Bleft.

When e'er She Smiles new Life She gives,
 And happy, happy who recives;
 From her Inchanting Breath:
 Then prithee *Celia* smile once more,
 Since I no longer must adore,
 For when you frown 'tis death,

A SONG.



AH! how lovely sweet and dear,
 Is the kind relenting Fair,
 Who R-prieve us in Despair;
 Oh! that thus my Nymph wou'd say,
 Come, come my dear, thy cares repay,
 Be Blest my Love, be mine to day,
 Come, come my dear, thy cares repay,
 Be Blest my Love, be mine to day.

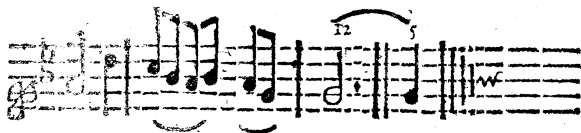
A SONG. Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.



Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,
 Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,
 Loud Eccho spread my Voice,
 Loud Eccho spread my Voice,
 Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, loud Eccho,
 Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, spread my Voice,
 Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,
 Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain.

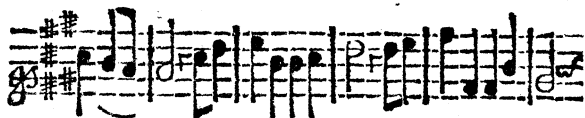
A SONG Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

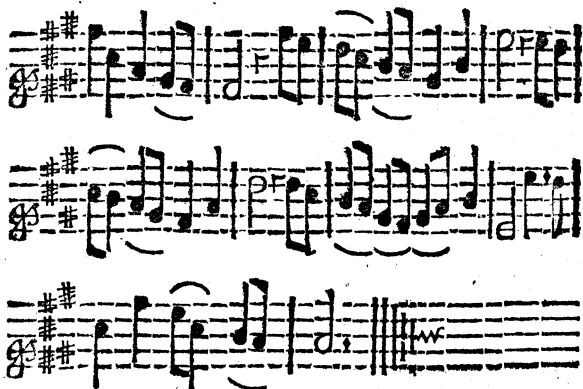




Cease, cease of *Cupid* to complain,
 Love, Love's a joy ev'n while a pain ;
 Oh! then think ! oh! then think ?
 Oh! then think how great his Blissess,
 Moving Glances, Balmy Kisses,
 Charming Raptures, matchless Sweets,
 Love, Love alone, Love, Love alone,
 Love, Love alone, all joys compleats.

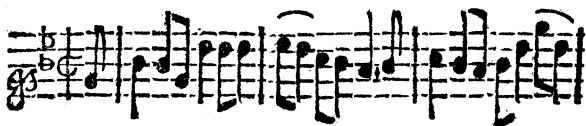
A S O N G, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.





Come, come ye Nymphs
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
 To revive us on the Plain,
 To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the Plain;
 Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain?
Galatea leaves the Main,
 To revive us on the Plain,
 To revive us on the plain,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.

A S O N G. Set by Mr. John Barre'tt.



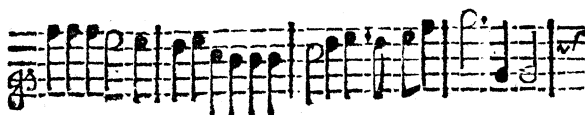
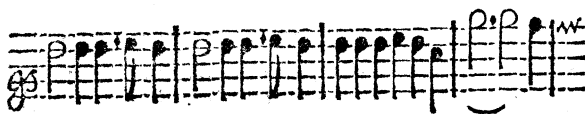
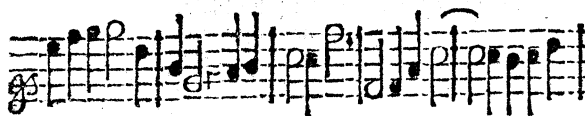
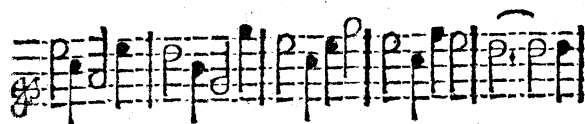
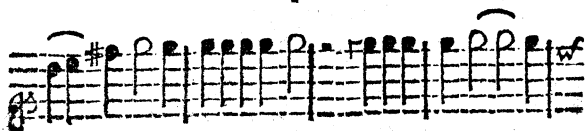
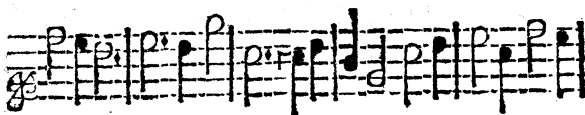
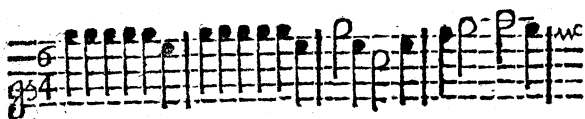


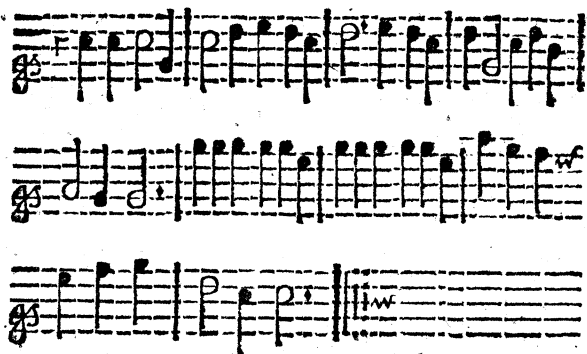
I *Ambe* the Lovely, the joy of her Swain,
 By *Iphis* was Lov'd and Lov'd *Iphis* again;
 She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair;
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their Care;
 No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dorage withdrew;
 But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
 Still the fonder they grew,

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
 Some Envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain,
 Some swore 'twould be pitty their Loves to invade,
 That the Lovers alone for each other was made:
 But all, all consented, that none ever knew;
 A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,
 Or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw 'em with Pleasure, and vow'd to take care:
 Of the Faithful, the Tender the Innocent Pair;
 What either did want, he bid either to move,
 But they wanted nothing, but ever to Love:
 Said, 'twas all that to bless 'em his God-head cou'd do,
 That they still might be kind, that they still might be kind,
 And they still might be true.

A S O N G.





BRing out your Cunny Skins,
 Bring out your Cunny Skins Maids to me,
 And hold them fair that I may see,
 Gray, Black and Blew, for the smaller Skins,
 I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins,
 And for your whole Cunny
 Here's ready Mony,
 Come gentle *Joan* do thou begin,
 With thy Black Cunny, thy Black Cunny Skin,
 And *Mary* and *Joan* will follow,
 With their Silver Hair'd Skins and Yellow,
 The White Cunny Skin I will not lay by,
 For though it be faint it is fair to the Eye,
 The Gray it is worn, but yet for my Mony,
 Give me the bonny bonny black Cunny;
 Come away fair Maids your Skins will decay,
 Come and take Mony Maids put your Wares away,
 Ha'ye any Cunny Skins. ha'ye any Cunny Skins,
 Ha'ye any Cunny Skins here to sell.

The Words by Mr. Cloffold, Sett by Mr. John Wilford.



N Ay pish, nay pish, nay pish Sir, what ailes you; Lord!
(what is't you do?)

I ne'er met with one so uncivil as you;

You may think as you please, but if evil it be,

I wou'd have you know, your mistaken in me.

You Men now, so rude and so boistrous are grown,

A Woman can't trust her self with you alone:

I cannot but wonder what 'tis that thou'd move ye?

If you do so again, I swear, I swear, I swear, I swear, I
swear I won't love ye.

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. Motley.



Draw *Cupid* draw, and make fair *Sylvia* know ;
 The mighty pain, her suf'ring Swain does for her un-
 Convey this Dart, into her Heart, and when she's set on
 Do thou return, and let her burn, like me in chaste desire ;
 That by experience she, may learn to pittie me,
 When e're her Eyes, do Tyrannize, o'er my Captivity,
 But when in Love, we joyntly move, and tenderly imbrace,
 Like Angels shine, and sweetly Join, to one anothers Face.

A Song, the Words by a Person of Quality, Set to Music, by Mr. Robert Cary.



Some brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their *Phyllis*;
 Some cry up their *Celia's*, and bright *Amaryllis*,
 Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
 And Goddesses fram'd, from the Wash-bowl and Tub:
 But away with these Fictions, and Counterfeit Folly,
 There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my *Dolly*.

I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit,
 Like Manna to each She's a Relishing Bit;
 She alone by Enjoyment, the more does prevail,
 And still with fresh Pleasures, does hoist up your Sail:
 Nay had you a Surfeit but took of all others,
 One, Look from my *Dolly* your Stomack recovers,

The French Lover.

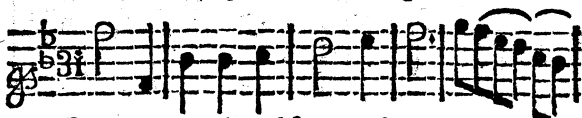
Note : You must sing the first 4 lines to the first Strain.



Dear'st believe me without Reservation,
 What neither Time nor Fate shall e'er controul ;
 Be you but kind and constant to your passion,
 No stormy change shall e'er disturb my Soul :
 Jealousie, the bane to Lovers pleasures,
 Far from our Hearts for ever will remove,
 My full Joy, what mortal then can measure,
 Happy in my charming *Musidora's* love.

When with a Friend abroad I take a Bottle,
 Over your *Tea* regale with who you can ;
 Or if you find me with a Vizard Prattle,
 Do you the same with any other Man :
 For *Chloe's* Face when Ogling I shew Passion,
 'Tis all but feign'd, I can ne'er inconsistent be ;
 And when at large I tope the red Potation,
 'Twill but more inflame my Heart with Love of thee.

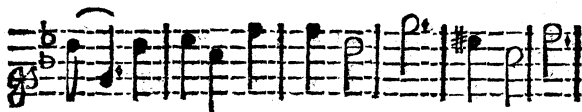
*The Mountebank. SONG, Sung by Dr. Leverigo
and his merry Andrew Pinkanello, in Farewel
to Folly. Sett by Mr. Leveridge.*



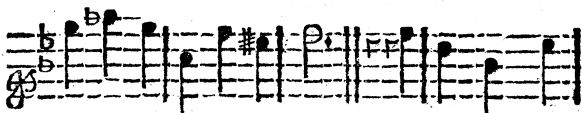
Here are People and Sports, of all size and



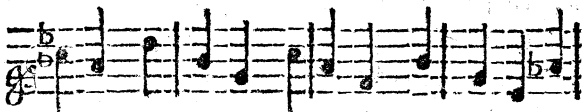
forts, Coach'd Damsel with Squire, and Mob in the



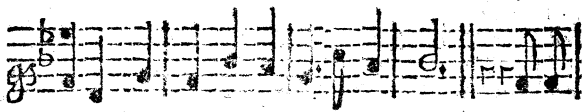
Mire, Tarpaulins, Trugmallions, Lords, Ladys, Sows,



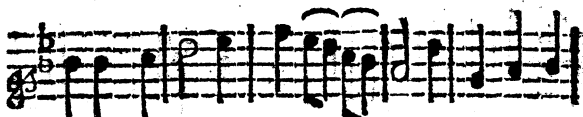
Babies, and Loobes in Scores. Some howling, some



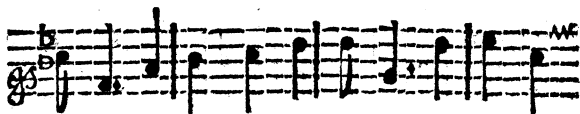
Bawling, some Leering, some Fleering, some Loving some



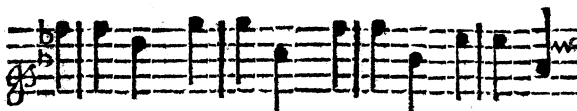
Shoving, with Legions of Furbelôw'd Whores. To the
Ta-



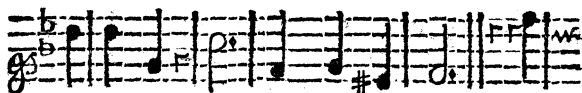
Tavern, some go, and some to a Show, see Poppets, for



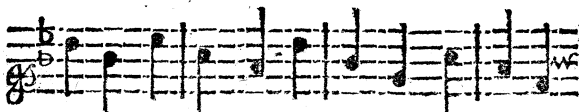
Moppets, Jack-puddings, for Cuddens, Rope Dancing,



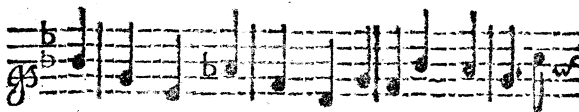
Mares prancing, Boats flying, Quacks lying, pick-pockets,



Pick plackets, Beasts, Butchers, and Beaus. Fops

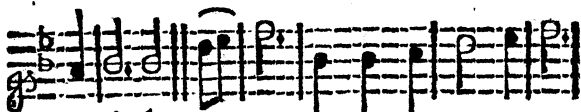


prat'ling. Dies rat'ling, Rooks shaming, Puts Daming,

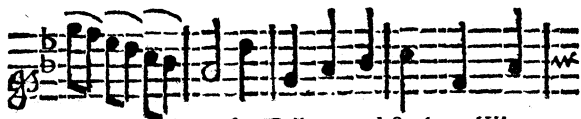


Whores painted, Mask's tainted, in Tally-mans Farbe—

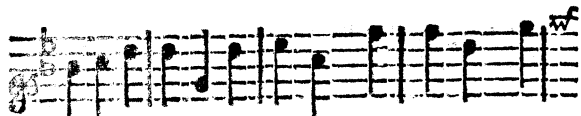
—low'd



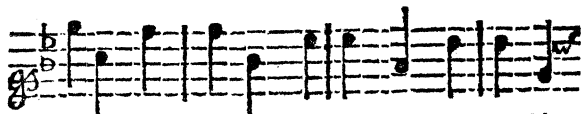
—low'd cloath. The Mobs joys would you know, to yon



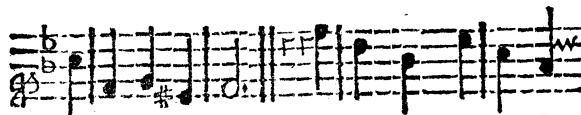
Mufick-house go, see Tailors, and Saylors, Whores



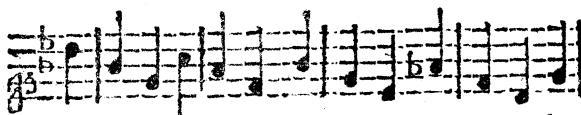
Oily in Doily, hear Mufick, makes you sick : Cows



Skipping, Clowns Triping, some Joaking, some Smoaking,

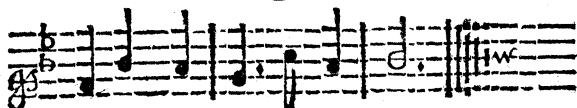


like Spiggot and Tapp; Short measure, strange pleasure,



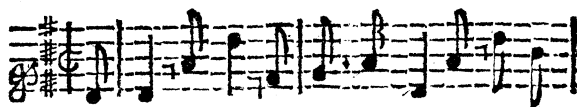
thus Billing, and Swilling, some yearly, get fairly, for

Fair-

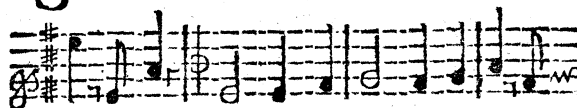


Pairings Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

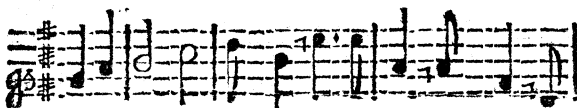
The Mountebanck SONG; Set and Sung by Mr. Leveridge. in a New Play call'd Farewel to Folly.



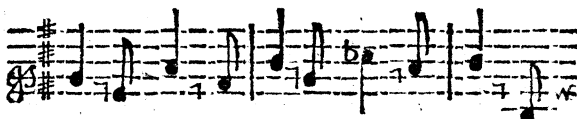
SEE, Sirs, see here! a Doctor rare, who travels



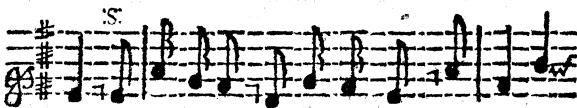
much at home! Here take my Bills, take my Bills, I



cure all Ills, past, present, and to come; the Cramp, the

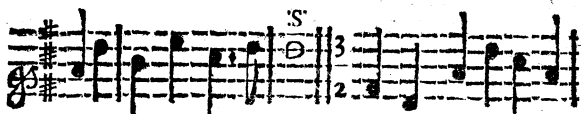


Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch, the Gout, the Stone, the

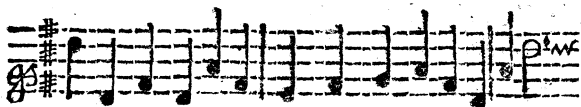


Pox, the Mulligrubs, the Bonny Scrubs, and all, all,

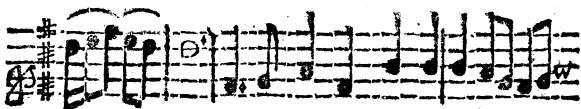
all



all, all, all, Pandora's Box; Thousands I've Dissected,



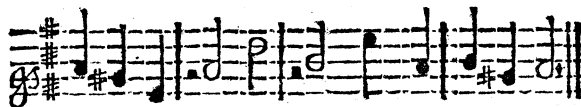
Thousands new erected, and such Cures effected, as none



e'er can tell. Let the Palsie shake ye, let the Chol-



—lick rack ye, let the Crinkums break ye, let the Mur-



—rain take ye; Take this take this and you are well.

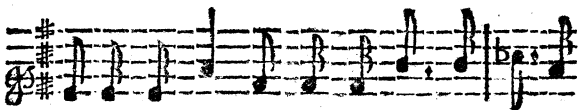


Thousands &c. Come wits so keen, devour'd with

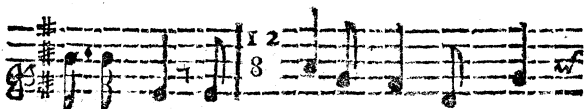
Spleen



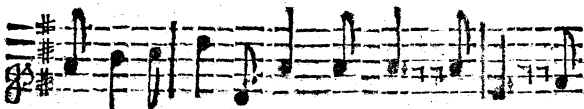
Spleen; come Beau's who sprain'd your Backs,



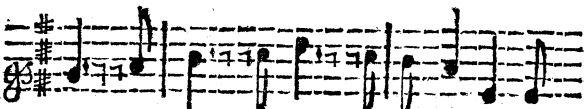
Great-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades, and pepper'd



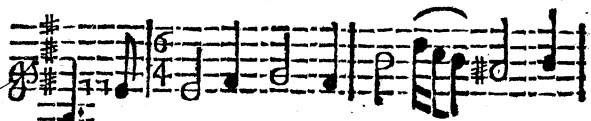
Vizard Cracks. I soon remove the pains



of Love, and cure the Love-sick Maid; the Hot, the



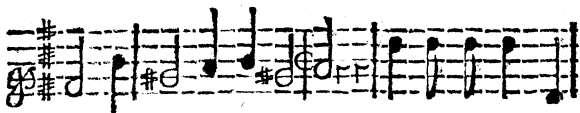
Cold, the Young, the Old, the Living and the



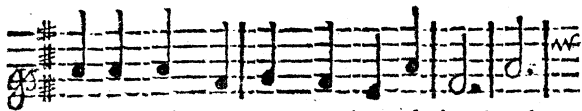
Dead. I clear the Lads with wainf-coat face, and
from



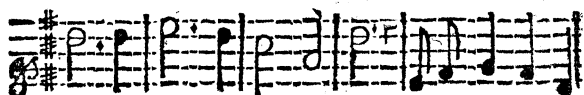
from Pim-ginets free, Plump Ladies Red, like *Saracen's*



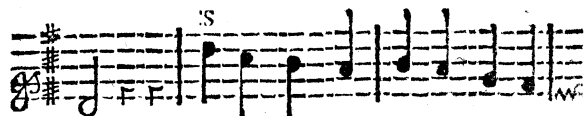
—head, with toaping Rat--tafie. This with a Jirk, will



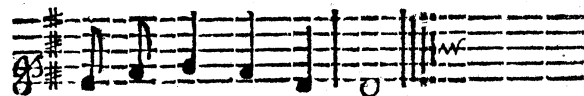
do your work, and scour you o'er and o'er, Read,



Judge and Try, and if you die, never believe me

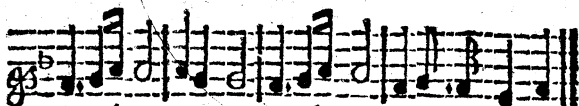


more, never, never, never, never,

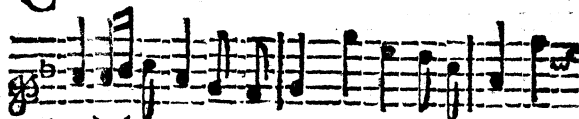


never be--lieve me more.

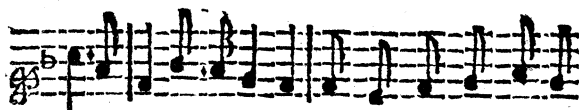
*A Match at Stool-ball, the Words made to Ground
by Mr. Thomas D'urfey.*



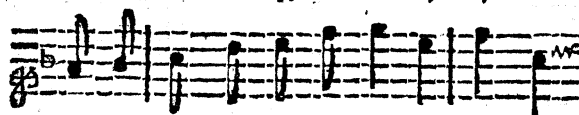
Come all, great, small, short, tall, away to Stoolball ;



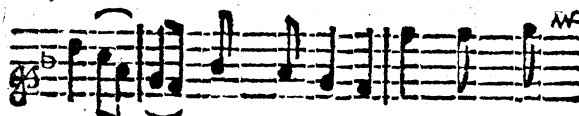
Down in a Vale on a Summers day, all the Lads and



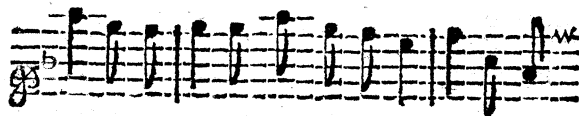
Ladies met to be Merry; Will and Tom, Hal, Dick and



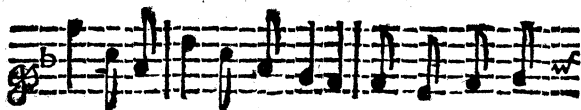
Hugh, Kate, Doll, Sue, Bess and Moll, with Hodge, and



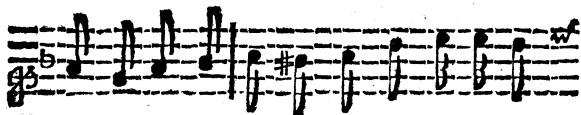
Bridget, and James, and Nanny ; but when plump



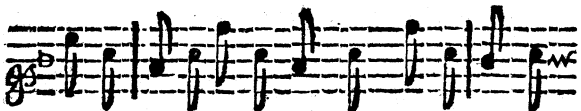
Griſs, got the Ball in her Mutton Fiſt, once fretted,
ſhe'd



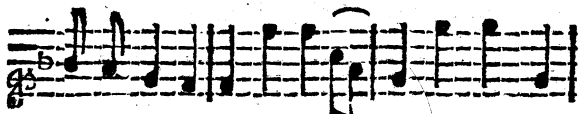
she'd hit it farther than any ; Running, Haring,



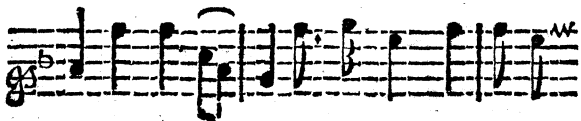
Gaping, Staring, Reeling, Stooping, Hollowing,



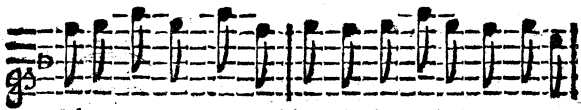
Whooping, Sun a seting, all thought fitting, by con—



—sent to rest 'em ; *Hall* got *Sue*, and *Doll* got *Hugh*, all

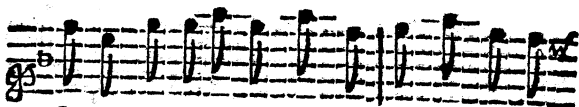


took by turns their Lasses and Buss'd 'em. Jolly

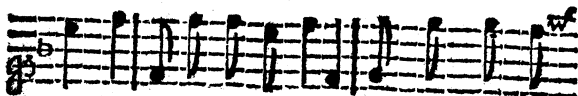


Ralph was in with *Peg*, tho' freckl'd like a *Turkey Egg*, and

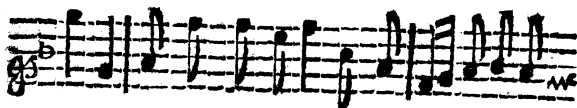
she



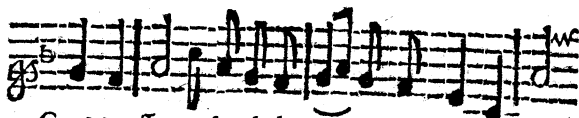
she as right as is my Leg, still give him leave to



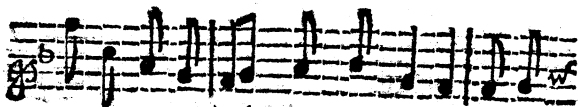
towze her. *Harry* then to *Katy* swore, her Duggs were



pretty, tho' they were all sweaty, and large as any



Cows are. *Tom* melancholy was with his Lafs; for *Sue*

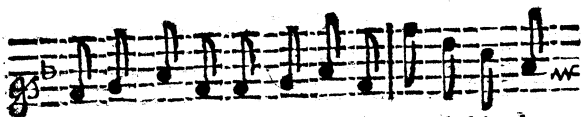


do what e'er he cou'd, wou'd not note him. Some had



told her, b'ing a Soldier in a party, with *Mac-carty*,

at



at the seige of *Limrick*, he was wounded in the



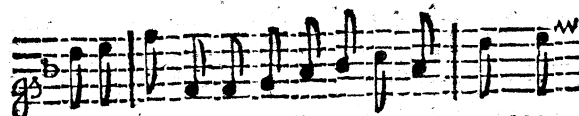
Scrotum. But the cunning *Philly*, was more kind to *Willy*,



who of all their Ally, was the ablest Ringer;



He to carry on the Jeft, begins a Bumper to the

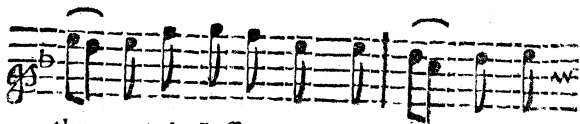


best, and winks at her of all the rest, and squeez'd her

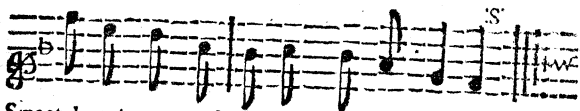


by the Finger. Then went the Glasses round,

then

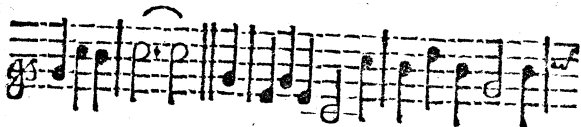
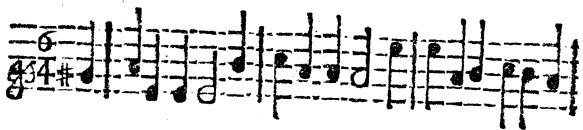


then went the Lasses down, each Lad did his



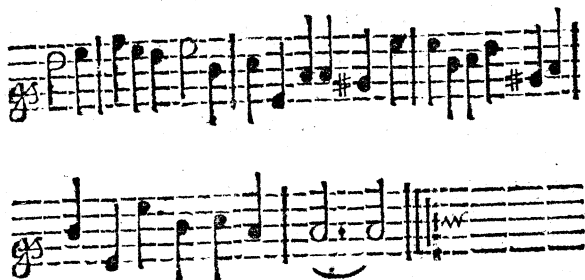
Sweet-heart own, and on the Grass did fling her.

A SONG in the (Mock Marriage,) Sung by Mrs. Knight. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



F

Oh!



OH how you protest and Solemnly swear,
 Look humble and fawn like an Ass;
 I'm pleas'd I must own when ever I see,
 A Lover that's brought to this pass.
 Keep, keep furthur off you'r naughty I fear,
 I vow I will never, will never, will never yeild to't;
 You ask me in vain for never I swear,
 I never no never, I never no
 Never I never no never will do't.

For when the deed's done, how quickly you go,
 No more of the Lover remains,
 In hast you depart, what e'er we can do,
 And Stubbornly throw off your chains.
 Desist then in time let's hear on't no more,
 I vow I will never yeild to't,
 You promise in vain, in vain you adore,
 For I will never, no never will do't.

Jockey's Lamentation.



Jockey met with Fenny fair
 Betwixt the Dawning and the Day,
 And Jockey now is full of Care,
 For Fenny stole my Heart away :
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 Yet she, alas, has prov'd unkind,
 That which do make poor Jockey rue,
 For Fenny's fickle as the Wind:
 And, 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 The Wind has blow'd my Plaid away.

Jockey was a bonny Lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair ;
 But now poor Jockey is run mad,
 for Fenny causes his Despair ;

Fockey was a Piper's Son,
 And fell in Love while he was young;
 But all the Tunes that he could play,
 Was, *o'er the Hills, and far away,*
 And 'Tis, &c.

When first I saw my Jenny's Face,
 She did appear with like a Grace,
 With muckle Joy my Heart was fill'd;
 But now alas with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh was she but as true as fair,
 'Twould put an end to my Despair;
 But ah, alas this is unkind,
 Which sore does terrify my Mind,
 'Twas *o'er the Hills, and far away,*
 'Twas *o'er the Hills, and far away,*
 'Twas *o'er the Hills, and far away,*
 That Jenny stole my Heart away.

Did she but feel the dismal Woe
 That for her sake I undergo,
 She surely then would grant Relief,
 And put an end to all my Grief:
 But oh, she is as false, as Fair,
 Which causes all my sad Despair;
 She triumphs in a proud Disdain,
 And takes delight to see my Pain.
Tis o'er, &c.

Hard was my Hap to fall in Love,
 With one that does so faithless prove,
 Hard was my fate to court the Maid,
 That has my constant Heart betray'd:
 A thousand times to me she swore,
 She would be true for evermore:
 But oh! alas with grief I say,
 She's stole my Heart, and run away.
'Twas o'er, &c.

Good gentle *Cupid* take my part,
 And pierce this false one to the Heart,
 That she may once but feel the Woe,
 As I for her do undergo;
 Oh! make her feel this raging pain,
 that for her love I do sustain;
 She sure would then more gentle be,
 And soon repent her Cruelty,
 'Tis o'er, &c.

I now must wander for her sake;
 Since that she will no pity take,
 Into the Woods and shady Grove,
 And bid adieu to my false Love:
 Since she is false whom I adore,
 I ne'er will trust a Woman more,
 From all their Charms I'll fly away,
 And on my Pipe will sweetly play,
 'Tis o'er, &c.

There by my self I'll sing and say,
 'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,
 That my poor Heart is gone astray,
 Which make me grieve both Night and Day;
 Farewel, farewel, thou cruel she,
 I fear that I shall die for thee?
 But if I live this Vow I'll make,
 To love no other for your sake.
 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 The Wind has blow'd my Plaid away.

*The Recruiting Officer ; Or the Merrie Volunteers.
Being an Excellent New Copy of Verses upon Raising
Recruits. To the foregoing Tune.*

H Ark ! now the Drums beat up agen,
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,
Then let us lift and March I say,
Over the Hills and far away,
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
Queen *Ann* Commands and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind,
To serve the Queen that's good and kind,
Come lift and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
Queen *Ann*, &c.

Here's forty Shilling on the Drum,
For those that Volunteers do come,
With Shirts and Cloaths and present Pay,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Hear that brave Boys and let us go,
Or else we shall be Piest you know,
Then Lift and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about,
To find such brisk young Fellows out,
Then let's be Volunteers I say,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

Since

Since now the French so low are brought,
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;
Over, &c.

No more from sound of Drum retreat,
While *Marlborough* and *Gallaway* beat,
The French and Spaniards every day,
When over the Hills and far away ; &c.

He that is forc'd to go and Fight,
Will never get true Honour by't,
While Volantiers shall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away,
Over, &c.

What tho' our Friends our absence mourn,
We all with honour shall return.
And then we'll sing both Night and day,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over, &c.

The Prentice *Tom* he may refuse,
To wipe his angry Master's Shooes :
For then he's free to Sing and play,
Over the Hill and far away, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs,
We all shall live as great as Kings,
And Plunder get both night and day,
When over the Hills and far away, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold on both Night and Day,
When o're the Hills and far away, &c.

Come en then Boys and You shall see,
 We every one shall Captains be,
 To whore and rant as well as they,
 When o'er the Hills and far away, &c.

For if we go 'tis one to ten,
 But we return all Gentlemen,
 All Gentlemen as well as they,
 When o'er the Hills and far away, &c.

HAMPTON COURT. A SONG, *The Words made by Mr. D'Urfey, to a pretty New Tune made by a Person of Quality.*

Note: You must sing the first 4 lines to the 1st. Strain.





WHere divine *Gloriana*, her Palace late rear'd ;
 And the choicest delights, Art and Nature prepar'd,
 On the bank of sweet *Thames*, gently gliding along ;
 The Love-sick *Philander* sat down and thus Sang :
 More happy than yet any place was before,
 Thou dear, blest resemblance of her I adore ;
 All Eyes are delighted with prospect of thee,
 Thou charm'st ev'ry Sense, thou charm'st ev'ry Sense,
 Ah ! just so does she.

As the River's clear Waves Zephyr softly does rowl,
 So her breath moves the Passions, that flow in my soul ;
 As the Trees by the Sun, feel a nourishing joy ;
 So my Heart is refresh'd, by a glance from her Eye :
 The Birds pretty Notes, we still hear when she speaks ;
 And the sweetest of Gardens, still blooms in her Checks,
 Had I that dear bliss for no other I'd sue :
 Who enjoys this sweet *Eve*, who enjoys this sweet *Eve*,
 Has all Paradise too.

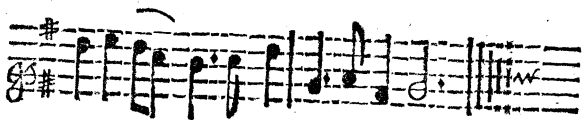
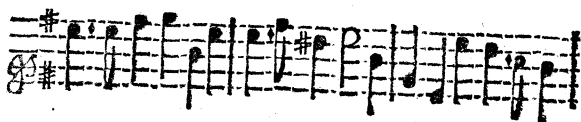
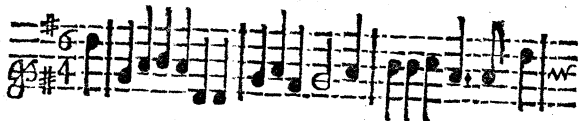
A Scotch SONG. Sett by Mr. John Barrett.



AH! foolish Lads what mun I do?
 My modesty I well may rue,
 Which of my Joy bereft me;
 For full of Love he came,
 But out of silly shame,
 With pish and Phoo I play'd,
 To muckle the coy Maid,
 And the raw young Loon has left me.

Wou'd *Fockey* knew how muckle I lue:
 Did I less art or did he shew,
 More nature, how bleast I'd be;
 I'd not have reason to complain,
 That I lue'd now in vain;
 Gen he more a Man was,
 I'd be less a coy Lads,
 Had the raw young Loon weele try'd me.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd (Justice Buify, or the Gentleman-Quack;) Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.



NO, no ev'ry Morning my Beauties renew;
Where ever I go, I have Lovers enough;
I dress and I dance; and I Laugh and I Sing;
Am loveley and lively, and gay as the Spring:
I visit, I game, and I cast away Care,
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air;
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Willis.

NOW my freedom's regain'd, and by *Bacchus* I swear,
 All whining dull whimsys of Love I'll ca'shire,
 The Charm's more engaging in Bumpers of Wine,
 Then let *Gloe* be Damn'd, but let this be Divine;
 Whilst youth warms thy veins Boy embrace thy full Glasse,
 Damn *Cupid* and all his poor proselyte Asses:
 Let this be thy rule *Tom*, to square out thy Life,
 And when Old in a Friend, thou'lt live free from all strife,
 Only envied by him that is plagu'd with a Wife.

Mr.

Mr. Dogget's Country SONG, in the (Kingdon of Birds) the Words by Mr. Tho. D'Urfey; Sett by Mr. Sam. Akeroyde.



Mundunga was as feat a Jade,
 As e'er was in our Town;
 And I a lusty lively Lad
 As e'er mow'd Clover down,
 So close three years we ty'd the knot,
 Our thumping Hearts went pit a pat,
 Pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat :
 And both so pleas'd with you know what,
 We thought of nothing else ;
 Whilst ding dong, ding dong, whim wham,
 Whim wham, ding dong, ding dong,
 Whim wham, whim wham, whim wham,
 Whim wham, whim wham, whim wham,
 Whim wham, whim wham, ding, ding,
 ding, ding, dong rung the Bells.

Our Sugar kisses hony words,
 We never thought too much ;
 I dare be sworn no Knights or Lords,
 E'er gave their Ladies such,
 To Plough went I, to Spin wear she,
 Oh how the Days ran merrily,
 Merrily, merrily, merrily,
 Our Joy Since greater none cou'd be,
 Fame round the Country tells,
 Sing ding dong, &c.

Rare times were these ; but ah how soon,
 Do Wedlocks Comforts fall.
 The days that then were hony Moon,
 Are Wormwood now and Gall :
 Her Tongue Clacks louder than a Mill,
 No longer do we Cooe and Bill,
 Cooe and bill, cooe and bill, cooe and bill,
 But Jangle like two Fiends of Hell,
 Broke out from flaming Cells, and ding &c.
 Ding dong no longer ring the Bells.

A Scotch S O N G, the Words by Mr. Peter Noble,
Sett by Mr. John Wilford.



BONNY *Scottish* Lads that keens me weel,
Lith ye what ye what good Luck I've fund;
Moggey is mine own in Spite o'th De'el,
I alone her Heart has won:
Near St. *Andrews* Kirk in *London* Town,
There I've, I've met my Dearest Joy;
Shineing in her Silken Hued and Gown,
But ne'er ack, ne'er ack She prov'd not coy.

Then

Then after many Compliments,
 Streight we gang'd into the Kirk;
 There full weel she tuck the documents,
 And flang me many pleasing Smirk:
 Weel I weat that I have gear enough,
 She's have a yode to ride ont;
 She's neither drive the Swine nor the Plough,
 What ever does betide ont.

*A New S O N G in the Play call'd (A Duke and
 no Duke,) Sung by Mrs. Cibber.*

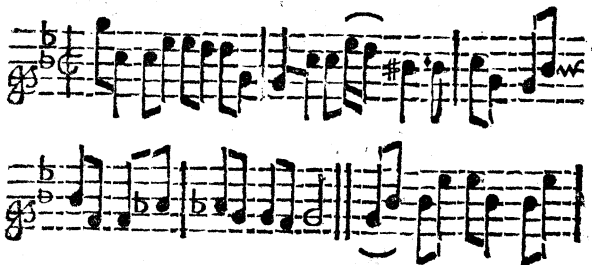




Damon if you will believe me,
 'Tis not fighting o'er the plain;
 Songs nor Sonets can't relieve ye,
 Faint attempts in Love are vain,
 Urge but home the fair occasion,
 And be master of the field;
 To a pow'rful kind Invasion,
 'Twere a madness not to yeild.

Tho' she vow's she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Says you'r rude and much to blame;
 And with tears Implores your pity,
 Be not merciful for shame:
 When the first assault is over,
 Chloris time enough will find;
 This so fierce and Cruel Lover,
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

A SONG, The Words made to a Tune of the late
 Mr. Henry Purcell's.,





D Runk I was last Night that's pos,
 My Wife began to Scold;
 Say what I cou'd for my Hearts Blood.
 Her Clack she wou'd not hold:
 Thus her chat she did begin,
 Is this your time of coming in,
 The Clock strikes one, you'll be undone,
 If thus you lead your life;
 My Dear said I, I can't deny,
 But what you say is true;
 I do intend, my life to mend,
 Pray lends the pot to Spew.

Fye, you Sot, I ne'er can bear,
 To rise thus e'ery Night,
 Tho' like a Beast you never care,
 What consequence comes by't;
 The Child and I may starve for you,
 We neither can have half our due,
 With grief I find, your so unkind,
 In time you'll break my heart,
 At that I smil'd, and said dear Child,
 I b'lieve your in the wrong,
 But ift shou'd be your destiny,
 I'll sing a merry Song.

The Gelding the Devil, Sett Mr. Tho. Wroth.

I Met with the Devil in the shape of a Ram,
 then over and over the Sowgelder came,
 I rose and halter'd him fast by the horns,
 And pickt out his Stones, as you would pick out Corns;
 Maa quoth the Devil, with that out he flunk,
 And left us a Carkass of Mutton that stunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth a mile and a half,
 Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf;
 I bound him and gelt him e'er he did any evil,
 For he was at the best but a young sucking Devil;
 Maa yet he cries and forth he did steal,
 And this was sold after for excellent Veal.

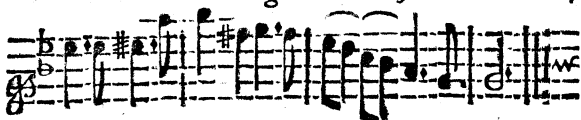
Some half a year after in the Form of a Pig,
 I met with the rogue and he lookt very big;
 I caught at his leg laid him down on a log,
 E'er a man could fart twice I made him a Hog.
 Huh, huh, quoth the Devil and gave such a Jirk,
 That a Jew was converted and eat of that Pork.

In Woman's attire I met him most fine,
 At first sight I thought him some Angel divine;
 But viewing his crab face I fell to my trade,
 I made him forswear ever acting a Maid;
 Meaw quoth the devil and so ran away,
 Hid himself in a Fryers old weeds as they say.

I walked along and it was my good chance,
 To meet with a black coat that was in a Trance;
 I speedily grip'd him and whipt off his Cods,
 'Twixt his Head and his Breech I left little odds;
 O quoth the Devil and so away ran,
 Thou oft wilt be curst by many a Woman.

A S O N G.





When *Femmy* first began to love,
 He was the finest Swain;
 That ever yet a flock had drove,
 Or danc'd upon the plain:
 'Twas then that I woe's me poor heart,
 My freedom threw away,
 And finding sweets in every part;
 I could not say him nay.

For ever when he spake of love,
 He wou'd his eyes decline;
 Each sigh he gave a heart wou'd move,
 Good faith and why not mine:
 He'd press my hand and Kifs it oft,
 His silence spoke his flame;
 And whilst he treated me thus soft,
 I wish'd him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flock with his,
Femmy wou'd me invite;
 Where he the finest Songs would Sing,
 Me only to delight:
 Then all his graces he display'd,
 Which were enough I trow,
 To conquer any princely Maid,
 So did he me I trow.

But now for *Femmy* I must mourn,
 He to the Wars must go;
 His sheephook to a Sword must turn,
 Alack what shall I do?
 His Bagpipe into Warlike sounds,
 Must now converted be;
 His Garlands into fearful wounds,
 Oh! what becomes of me?

A S O N G.





Jilting is in such a fashion,
 And such a fame.
 Runs o'er the Nation;
 There's never a Dame,
 Of highest rank or of fame,
 Sir but will stoop to your careffes,
 If you do but put home your addreffes;
 It's for that she paints and she patches,
 All she hopes to secure is her name Sir.

But when you find the love fit comes upon her,
 Never trust much to her honour,
 Tho' she may very high stand on't,
 Yet when her love is ascendant.

Her vertue's quite out of doors:
 High breeding, rank feeding,
 With lazy lives leading,
 In ease and soft pleasures,
 And taking loose measures,
 With Play-house diversions,
 And midnight excursions,
 With Balls Masquerading,
 And Nights Serenading,
 Debaucheth the Sex into Whores Sir,

A SONG.



YOU I Love by all that's true,
 More than all things here below;
 With a passion far more great,
 Than e'er Creature loved yet;
 And yet still you cry forbear,
 Love no more, or Love not here.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
 Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
 Bid the Old be young again,
 Bid the *Nun* not think of Man:
Silvia thus when you can do,
 Bid me then not think on you.

Love's not a think of Choice but Fate,
 What makes me Love, that makes you hate;
Silvia you do what you will,
 Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill:
 Be Kind or Cruel, False or True,
 Love I must, and none but you.

A S O N G.



POor *Cleonice* thy Garlands tear,
 From off thy Widow'd brow ;
 And bind thy loose dishevel'd hair,
 With Ewe and Cypress now :
 And Since the Gods decreed his years,
 Shou'd have so short a date ;
 Let thy sad eyes, pay seas of tears,
 As tribute to his fate.

The trees a duller green have worn,
 Since that dear Swain is gon ;
 The tender flocks their pasture mourn,
 And bleat a sadder moan :
 The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
 To happy Mansions fly ;
 And all that once smil'd on our Loves
 Now seem to bid me dye.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Pack.



Farewel ungrateful Traytor,
 Farewel my Perjur'd Swain;
 Let never injur'd Creature,
 Believe a Man again:
 The pleasure of possessing,
 Surpasses all expressing;

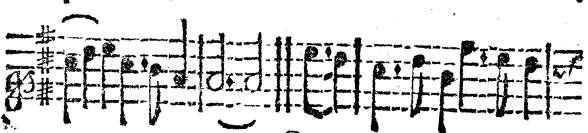
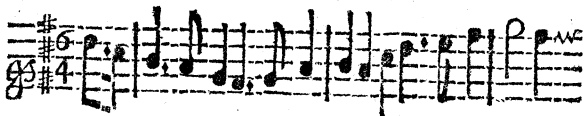
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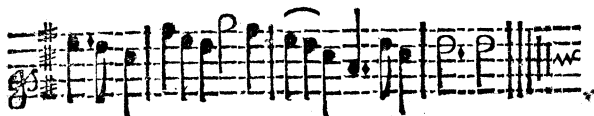
But Joys too short a Blessing,
And love too long a pain,
But Joys too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a pain.

'Tis easie to deceive us,
in pity of your pain;
But when we Love, you leave us,
To rail at you in vain :
Before we have descry'd it,
There is no blifs beside it ;
But she that once has try'd it,
Will never Love again.

The Passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain ;
But when the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain :
Your Love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our Treasure ;
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.

The Northamptonshire Health, set by Mr. Edward Keen.





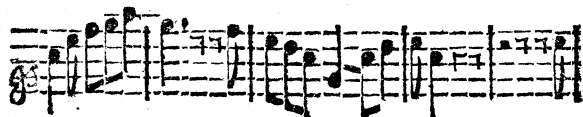
Here's a health to those Men,
That go with us again;
To chuse Knights who can afford, Sir,
To serve without Pension,
Or other pretention,
But Just and Right is the Word, Sir,

As for those that have pay,
We have nothing to say;
Let the Souldier live by his Sword, Sir:
We're for them that are known,
To have Lands of their own,
And Just and Right is the Word, Sir,

Shou'd we chuse the Court Tools,
They will call us all fools;
Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir:
We are sure we can trust,
To the Right and the Just,
For Just and Right is the Word, Sir:

Then take off your glass fair,
To do otherwise here,
Is unjust against Right and Absurd, Sir:
He that leaves but three drops,
Shall have them thrown in's chops,
For Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Leveridge, Sung by Mr.
Wilks in the Comedy call'd the Recruiting Officer.





Come Fair one be kind, you never shall find,
A Fellow so fit for a Lover :

Come Fair one be kind, you never shall find,

A Fellow so fit for a Lover :

The World shall view, my passion for you,

The World shall view, my passion for you,

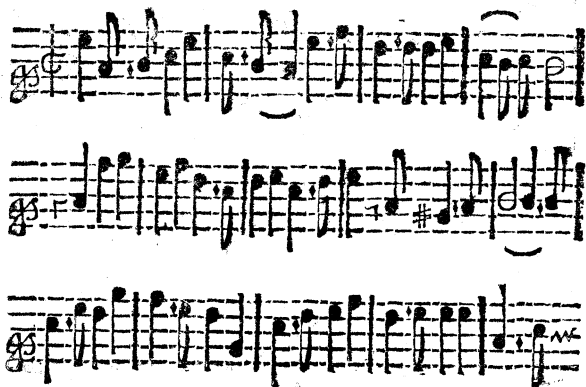
But never your passion discover :

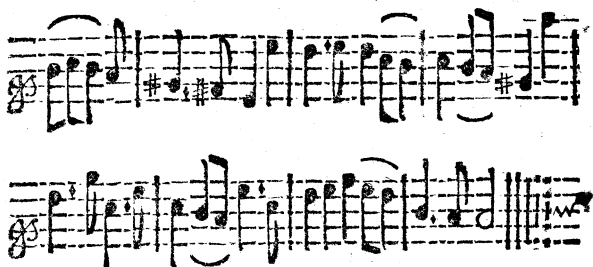
The World shall view, my passion for you,

The

The world shall view, my passion for you,
 • But never your passion discover :
 I still will Complain, of Frowns and Disdain,
 Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms,
 I still will Complain, of Frowns and Disdain,
 Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms :
 The World shall declare, I die with despair,
 I die with despair. I die with despair,
 When only I die in your Arms ;
 When only I die in your Arms,
 I still will adore Love more and more,
 But by Jove if you chance to prove Cruel,
 I'll get me a Miss, that freely will kiss,
 I'll get me a Miss, that freely will kiss,
 Tho' after I drink water, cruel.
 I'll &c.

A SONG.





Spare Mighty Love O Spare a slave,
 That at thy feet for mercy lies ;
 What wou'd thy cruel Godhead have,
 See how he bleeds, see how he dyes :
 Upon a noble Conquest go,
 And for thy glory and my peace ;
 O make the scornful *Celia* know,
 The pains she now regardless sees.
 O make &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my tears,
 And subtly poyson so each Dart ;
 That spite of all those Arms she wears,
 The point at last may reach her heart.
 Revenge, revenge the wounds I bear,
 And make our fortunes so agree ;
 That I may find that cure from her,
 Which she may need as much from me.
 That I &c.

The Maid of LY N.



ON Brandon Heath, in sight of Metkwold Steeple,
 In Norfolk as I Rode along;
 I met a Maiden with Apples laden,
 And thus, thus to her I urg'd my Song:

Kiss me said I, She answer'd no,

And still she cry'd I won't, I won't, I won't do so;

But when I did my Love begin,

Quoth she good Sir, quoth she good Sir, good Sir, I live
[in *Lyn*.

'Twas Summer season then, and sultry weather,

Which put this fair Maid in a sweat;

Said I come hither, let us together,

Go try to lay this scorching heat:

But she deny'd, the more I cry'd,

And answer'd no, and seem'd to go;

But when I did my Love begin,

Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

To Kiss this Maiden, then was my intent,

I felt her hand, and snowey breast;

With much perswasion, she shew occasion,

That I was free to do the rest:

Then in we went and Six-pence spent,

I cry'd my Dear, she cry'd forbear;

But when I did my Love begin,

Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

Three times I try'd to satisfie this Maiden,

And she perceiv'd her Lovers pain;

Then I wou'd go, but she cry'd no,

And bid me try it o'er again:

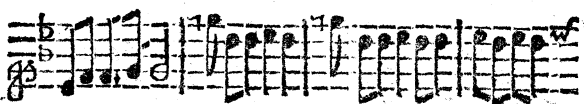
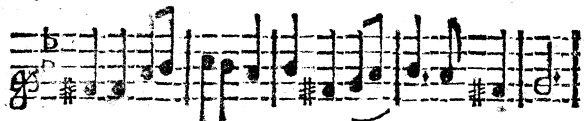
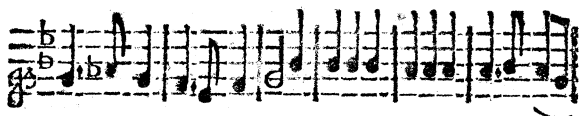
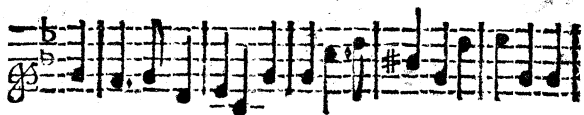
She cry'd my Dear, I cry'd forbear,

Yet e'er we parted fain wou'd know,

Where I might see this Maid again,

Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

*The Beauty, a Song made and Sett to Musick by
George Kingsley, Gent.*





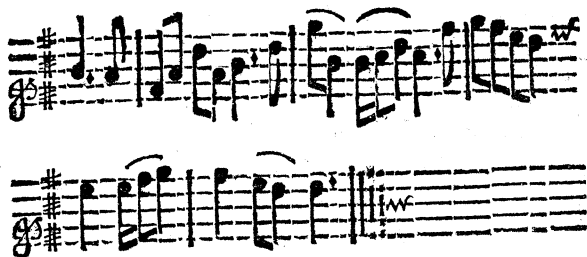
A Lais! my poor tender heart must now surrender,
 Since Love such a train of artillery brings;
 Such graces and glories, attend my sweet *Cloris*,
 As are able to conquer and Captivate Kings,
 Each lovely feature, of this pure creature,
 Creates a cruel, cruel, cruel, cruel ling'ring smart:
 Her blushing Nose is, as red as Rose is,
 It's glowing, glowing, glowing, glowing heat inflames
 (my heart.
 The charms of her eyes, what tongue can tell,
 Of which each glance conveys a spell;
 And at distance they look like two Frogs in a well: Hey ho;
 But oh! the balsamick scent of her Toes,
 And the nectar that drops, drops, drops from her Nose;
 And a comfortable gale from her elbows: Hey ho, Hey ho,
 And still I cry in vain, O Love, O Love, O Love, Love,
 Love, O Love, O Love, O Love, Love, Love, O Love,
 come ease my pain.

But

But her heart alas is as hard as a flint,
 Let me dye if I think not the Devil is in't;
 For always upon me she looketh a squint: Hey ho,
 Yet nature at least has served her right,
 In taking all her teeth out quite:
 That tho' she can bark she cannot bite, Hey ho;
 And indeed for this there was a just cause,
 For according to blind *Cupid's* laws,
 Love should have neither fangs nor claws, Hey ho.

*A Scotch Song the Words by Mr. John Hallam,
 Sett to Musick by Mr. John Cotterell.*





Upon the wings of Love my Dear I come,
 No more I will depart from Thee and Home;
 The Dreadful noise of Battles now do cease,
 Brave *Willy* is return'd with Joy and Peace:
 The Trumpet shrill no more shall sound alarms,
 And call thy *Fockey* out of thy soft arms;
 In which I'll Lig and Steep both day and night,
 And dream of nought but Pleasures and Delight.

Each Bonny Lad shall with his loving Lads,
 With Pipe and Tabor trip it on the Grass;
 With Chaplets gay my *Fenny* shall be crown'd,
 And with her loving *Focky* dance a round:
 In Silks and Sattins then my only dear,
 The Blithest Lads in *Tweedale* shall appear;
 Thou shalt enjoy what e'er thou dost desire,
 And in each other arms we will expire,

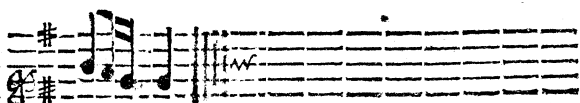
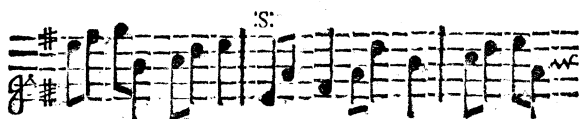
A Song Set and Sung by Mr. Leveridge, at the Theatre Royal.



Foolish swain thy sighs forbare,
 Nothing can her passion move ;
Celia with a careless Air,
 Laughs to hear the tales of love ;

Darts and flames the nymph defyes,
 Toys which other hearts beguile;
 Pleasure sparkles in her eyes,
 Gay without an am'rous smile.

Celia like the feather'd Choir,
 Ever on the wing for flight;
 Hops from this to that desire,
 Flut'ring still in new delight:
 Pleas'd she seems when you are by,
 And when absent she's the same;
 Talks of love like you or I,
 But believ'ft an empty name.



Always easy never kind,
 When you think you have her sure;
 Such a temper you will find,
 Quick to wound, quick to wound, quick to wound, but
 slow to cure.

A S O N G, Sett by Mr. Berenclow.



Take



Take not the first refusal ill,
 Tho' now she wont, anon she will;
 Tho' now she won't anon she will;
 Take not the first refusal ill,
 She were not a Woman if she knew,
 One moment what the next she'd do,
 She were not a Woman if she knew,
 One moment, one moment what the next she'd do.
 If you'll have patience she'll be kind, kind, she'll be kind,
 To day ne'er knew to morrow's mind,
 Wait 'till you find her in the cue,
 If you don't ask her, ask her, she, she'll ask you.

A New SONG, the Words by Mr. J. C. Sett
to Musick by Dr. Prettle.



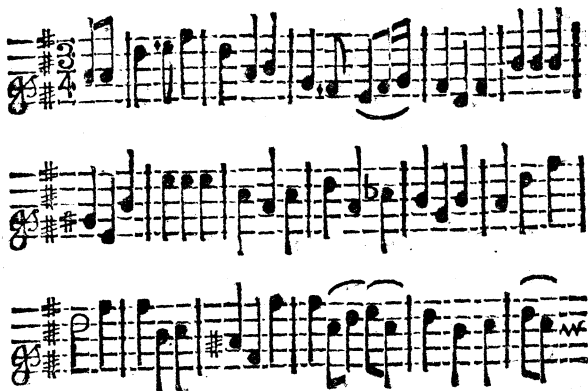
NO *Phyllis*, tho' you've all the charms,
Ambitious Woman can desire;
All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
Or sets our foolish hearts on fire;

Yet

Yet you may practice all your Arts,
 In vain to make a slave of me ;
 You ne'er shall re-engage my heart,
 Revolted from your tyranny.
 You ne'er shall re-engage my heart,
 Revolted from your tyranny.

When first I saw those dang'rous eyes,
 They did my liberty betray ;
 But when I knew your cruelties,
 I snatch't my simple heart away :
 Now I defy your smiles to win,
 My resolute heart, no pow'rth'ave got ;
 Tho' once I suck'd their poyson in,
 Your rigour prov'd an antidote.

*The Epilogue in the (Island Princes,) Sett by Mr.
 Clarke, Sung by Mrs. Lindsey, and the Boy.*



Now



Now to you ye dry wooers,
 Old Beaus and no doers,
 So doughty so gouty,
 So useless and toothless,
 Your blindness cold kindness
 Has nothing of Man;
 Still doating or gloating,
 Still stumbling or fumbling,
 Still hawking still bauiking,
 You flash in the Pan:
 Unfit like old brooms,
 For sweeping our rooms,
 You're sunk and you're shrunk,
 Then repent or look to't,
 In vain you're so upish (in vain you're so upish)
 You're down ev'ry foot,

A S O N G.

Note: You must Sing 8 lines to the first Strain.



Let's be merrie blith and jolly,
 Stupid dulness is a folly;
 'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
 Heark the chirping birds delight us:
 Let us dance and raise our Voices,
 Every Creature now rejoyces;
 Airy blasts and springing flowers,
 Verdant coverings pleasant showers;
 Each playes his part to compleat this our joy,
 And can we be so dull as to deny,

Here's no foolish surly Lover,
 That his passions will discover;
 No conceited foppish Creature,
 That is proud of Cloaths or Feature:
 All things here serene and free are,
 They're not wise, are not as we are;
 Who acknowledge Heavens blessings,
 In our innocent caressings.
 Then let us Sing, let us dance let us play,
 'Tis the time is allow'd, 'tis the Month of May.

A SONG. Sung at Holmſe's Boeth in Bartholomew Fair, Sett by Mr. John Barrett.



WAR, War and battle now no more,
 Shall your thun'dring Cannons roar ;
 No more, no more of War complain,
 Peace begins, Peace begins her *Halcyon* Reign ;
 For now the Tow'ring Bird of *Jove*,
 Stoops, stoops to the gentle *Billing Dove*.

A Scotch SONG, Sett by Mr. R. Brown.



Jockey loves his Moggy dearly,
 He gang'd with her to Perth Fair;
 There we Sung and Pip'd together,
 And when done, then down I'd lay her:
 I so pull'd her, and so lull'd her,
 Both o'erwhelm'd with muckle Joy;
 Mog. kifs'd Jockey, Jockey, Moggy,
 From long night to break of day.

I told Mog. 'twas muckle pleasing,
 Moggy cry'd she'd do again such;
 I reply'd I'd glad gang with thee,
 But 'twould waft my mickle Coya much:
 She lamented, I relented,
 Both with'd bodles might increase;
 Then wad gang next year together,
 And my Pipe shall never cease.

A SONG Sett by Mr. John Weldon.



SWain thy hopeless passion smother,
 Perjur'd *Celia* Loves another,
 In his Arms I saw her Lying,
 Panting, Kissing, Trembling, Dying;
 There the Fair deceiver Swore,
 As once she did to you before.

Oh! said you when She deceives me,
 When that Constant Creature leaves me;
His Waters back shall fly,
 And leave their *Oozy* Channels dry;
 Turn your Waters leave your Shore,
 For perjur'd *Celia* loves no more.

A SONG in the Wonders of the Sun, or the Kingdom of the Birds, by Mr. D'Urfey.



Since now the World's turn'd upside down,
 And all things chang'd in Nature;
 As if a doubt were newly grown,
 We had the same Creator:
 Of Ancient Modes and former ways,
 I'll teach ye, Sirs, the manner;
 In good Queen *Beffes* Golden days,
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

I had an Ancient Noble Seat,
 Tho' now 'tis come to Ruin,
 Where Mutton, Beef; and such good Meat,
 In th' Hall was daily chewing:

Of humming Beer my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Donor ;
Where toping Knaves had many a pull,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Men of Home-spun honest Grays,
Had Coats and comly Badges,
They wore no dirty ragged Lace ;
Nor e'er complain'd for Wages :
For gawdy Fringe and Silks o'th' Town,
I fear'd no Threatning Dinner,
But wore a decent *Grogram* Gown,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I never thought *Camtharides*,
Ingredient good in Posset ;
Nor ever Stript me to my Stays,
To play the punt at *Basset* ;
In *Ritafie* ne'er made deboach,
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner ;
Nor letting Mercer seize my Coach,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I still preserv'd my Maiden fame,
I spite of Oaths and Lying ;
Tho' many a long chin'd Youngster came,
And fain would be enjoying.
My Fan, to guard my Lips I kept,
From *Cupid's* lewder runner,
And many a *Roman* Nose I rap'd,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Curling Locks, I never bought,
Of Beggars dirty Daughters,
Nor Prompted by a Wanton thought,
Above knee ty'd my Garters ;
I never glow'd with Painted Pride,
Like Punk, when th' Devil has won her,
Nor prov'd a Cheat, to be a Bride,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Neighbour still I Treated round,
 And Strangers that come near me:
 The Poor To, always welcome found,
 Whose Prayers did still endear me.
 Let therefore, who, at Court would be,
 No Churl nor yet no Fawner;
 Match in old Hospitality,
 Queen *Besses* Dame of Honour.

A SONG, in the Wonders of the Sun, or, the Kingdom of the Birds, by Mr. D'Urfey; To the Tune of the Farring of the two East-India Companies, Pag. 40.

WHat are these Ideots doing,
 That dayly their Feuds advance,
 As if they were pursuing,
 New Ways to favour *France*.
 For shame give over your Dance;
 Your National Danger see:
 Nor longer forfeit your Sense,
 But agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree.

Whilst strange and trivial Reasons,
 The whimsical Brain allures,
 You lose the Happy Season,
 That should encourage your Powers.
 The Monsieur is at your Doors;
 And if he received must be,
 The Shame and Scandal is Yours:
 Then agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree.

Ye Soaring High-Flown People,
 In Politicks so profound;
 You Climb so high on your Steep'e,
 It makes your Brain turn round.

Consider how you lose ground,
If Foreigners Masters be;
Whilst you with Maggots abound,
Then agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.

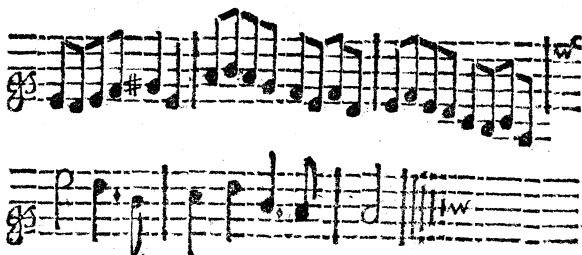
And you whose senseless Jargon,
Contentious Night and Morn,
Declaims against an Organ,
As 'twere a Sowguelde's Horn.
Let concords Power adorn,
Your Hearts if wise you'll be;
Nor longer merit a Scorn,
But agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.

'Tis known you are richly Landed,
And you have a Place at Court;
And you the *Bank* have Commanded,
And you have two Ships in Port;
Yet still ye reason Retort:
As if ye ruin'd must be,
'Tis all rank Folly in short;
Then agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.

Religion's Safety doubted,
Still makes the Nation groan;
You make such Stirrs about it,
Some wise Heads think ye have none.
But all is for Interest done,
As faith it likely may be,
Let that point stated, be known,
And agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree!

*A Dialogue in the Wonders of the Sun, or, the
Kingdome of Birds; by Mr. D'Urfey.*





Houfew.

P Ray now *John* let *Fug* prevail,
D'off that Sword, and take a Flaile,
Wounds and Blows with scorching Heat,
Will abroad, be all you'll get.

Ignoran.

Zooks y'are mad,
Ye simple Jade,
Begone, and don't prate.

Houfew.

How think ye I shall do
With *Hob* and *Sue*,

Ignoran.

And all our Brats when wanting you:
When I am with Plunder,
Thou my gain shalt share *Fug*.

Houfew.

My Share,
Will be but small I fear,
When bold Dragoons have bin Pickering there,
And the Flea Flints the *Germans* strip'em bare:

Ignoran.

Mind your Spinning,
Mend your Linnen,
Look to your Cheese too,
Your Pigs, and your Geese too.

Houfew.

No, No,
I'll ramble out with you,

Ignoran.

Blood and Fire,
If you tire,
Thus my Patience,
With Vexations,
And Narrations:
Thumping, Thumping is the fatal Word *Fear*.

Houfew.

Do, do,

I am good at Thumping too,

Ignoran.

Morbleau,

That Huff shall never do.

*Houfew.*Come, come *John*, let's Buss and Friends,

Thus, still thus, Love's Quarrel ends;

I my Tongue sometimes let run,

But alas I soon have done.

Ignoran.

'Tis well you y'are quasht,

You'd else been Thrasht,

Sure as my Name's *John*.*Houfew.*

Yet fain I'd know for what,

Y'are all so hot,

To go to Fight, where nothing's got:

Ignoran.

Fortune will be kind, and we shall then grow

Houfew.

Grow Great.

[great too.

Yet want both Drink and Meat.

And Coin unless the Pamper'd *French* you beat.Ah! take Care *John*, take Care, and Learn more*Ignoran.*

Dare you Prate still,

[Wit.

At this rate still,

And like a Vermin,

Grudg my Preferment.

Houfew.

You'll beg, or get a Wooden Leg.

Ignoran.

Nay if Bawling,

Caterwawling;

Tittle, tattle,

Prittle, Prattle,

Still must Rattle,

I'll begon, and Straight aboard, Faith;

Houfew.

Do, Do,

And so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,

Fug too, and all the ragged Crew.

*The New BLACKBIRD: A SONG, in
the Wonders of the Sun, or, the Kingdome of Birds
by Mr. D'Urfey.*



WHilst Content is wanting
In the World below;
We in freedom chanting,
Life's true pleasure know,
Cloy'd, with care and duty,
To Superiour Sway,
They ne'er see the Beauty,
Of one happy Day;
Profits Golden Follies
Half the Globe Insest;
Faction, Pride, and Malice,
Governs all the rest.
Whilst in eternal Day; Terry, terry, terry, terry,
Hev, Terry terry, Sings the *Blackbird*;
Ah! what a World have they?

Giant Limb'd Ambition,
 Like a Tyrant Reigns;
 Forming new Division
 Hourly, in their Brains.
 Sometimes peace Enjoying,
 Some they a League begin;
 But one Monarch's Dying
 Breaks 'em all again.
 Then the grave State-menders,
 For Religion Fight.
 Tho' the hot Pretenders,
 Never had a doit;
 Whilst here in lasting day; Terry, &c.

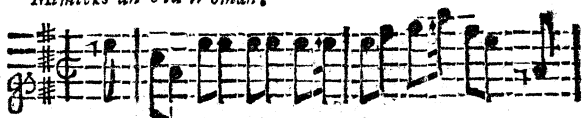
Warriors all are Princes,
 When their Aid they want,
 Armies for Defences,
 Present pay they grant,
 But the work once ended,
 They the Chiefs disown;
 Who in haste disbanded,
 Loudly are cry'd down.
 Thus uncur'd they Nourish,
 Whimsies worse Disease,
 Whither Lose or Flourish,
 Never are at Ease.
 Whilst here in lasting day; Terry, &c.

The sad Pamper'd City,
 Grumbling at the Tax.
 Think to Stint, 'tis pitty,
 Bellies or their Backs.
 The Rich Country Booby
 Brooding o'er his Ground,
 Low'rs, and wondrous Moody,
 Grudges four in the Pound.
 Gospel Fermentation, banters all our Soul;
 And to Fier the Nation,
 Blackcoats blow the Coals.
 Whilst here in lasting day,
 Terry, terry, terry, rerry. Sings the *Blackbird*,
 Oh! What a World have they.

A S O N G, in the (Lucky Younger Brother,
or, the Beau Defeated;) Set by Mr. John Ec-
cles, and Sung by Mr. Bowman.



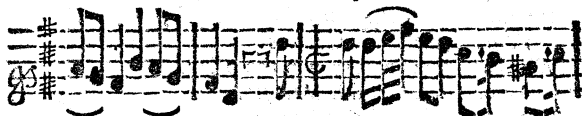
Mimicks an Old Woman.



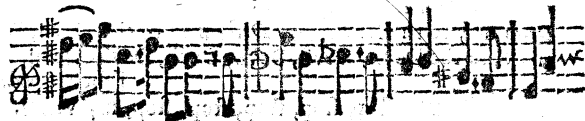
Sings as himself.



She.



He.





Delia tir'd *Strepson* with her flame,
 While languishing (while languishing she view'd him)
 The well dress'd youth dispis'd the Dame,
 But still, still; but still the old fool pursu'd him :
 Some pitty on a wretch bestow,
 That lyes at your devotion :
 Perhaps near fifty years ago,
 Perhaps near fifty years ago,
 I might have lik'd the Motion.

If you, proud youth, my flame despise,
 I'll hang me in my Garters:

Why then make hast to win the prize,
 Among loves foolish Martyrs.

Can you see *Delia* brought so low,
 And make her no requitals ?

Delia may to the Devil go, (*Delia* may to the Devil, De-
 vil go, to the Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil, go
 [for *Strepson* ;
 Stop my Vitals, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, my Vitals.

A SONG Sett by Mr. John Barret, and Sung
by Mrs. Lindsey.



C *Ælia* hence with Aff-ctation,
Hence with all this careless Air ;
Hypocrisy is out of fashion,
With the witty and the fair :

Nature

Nature all thy arts discloses.

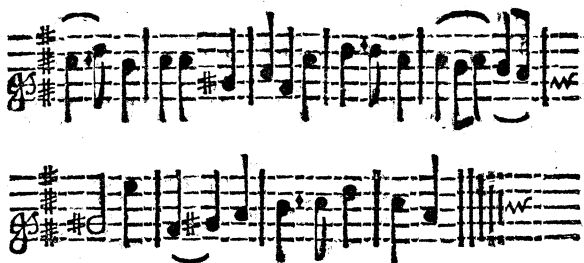
While the pleasures she supplies,
Paint thy glowing cheeks with Roses,
And inflame thy sparkling eyes.

Foolish *Cælia* not to know,

Love thy int'rest and thy duty ;
Thou to love alone dost owe,
All thy joy, and all thy beauty :
Mark the tuneful Feather'd kind,
At the coming of the Spring ;
All in happy pairs are joyn'd,
And because they love they sing.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Clarke.





How often have I curs'd that fable deceit,
 For making me wish and admire ;
 And rifle poet *Ovid* to learn to intreat,
 When reason might check my desire :
 For sagely of late it has been disclos'd,
 There's nothing, nothing conceal'd uncommon ;
 No Miracles under a Masque repos'd,
 When knowing *Cynthia's* a Woman.

Tho' Beauty's great charms our senses delude,
 'Tis the Center attracts our needle ;
 And love's a jest when thought to intrude,
 The design of it to unriddle,
 A Virgin may show strange coyness in love,
 And tell you Chymeraes of honour ;
 But give her her wish, the man she approves,
 No labour he'll have to winn her.

A S O N G in (Rinaldo and Armida) Sett by
Mr. John Eccles ; Sung by Mr. Gouge.





THe Jolly Jolly Breeze,
 That comes whistling through the Trees,
 From a—ll the blissfull region brings,
 Perfum—s upon its Spycy wings,
 With its wan—ton motion, curling,
 Cur-ling, cur-ling, cur-ling, the crystal Rills,
 Which down, down, down, down the Hills,
 Run, run, run, run, run, o'er Golden gravel purling.

A SONG on the Punch-Bowl. To the foregoing Tune.

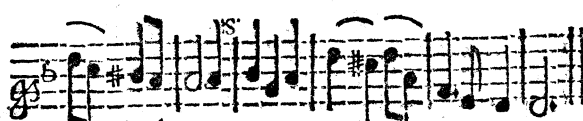
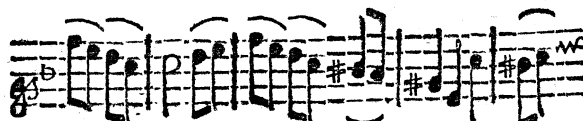
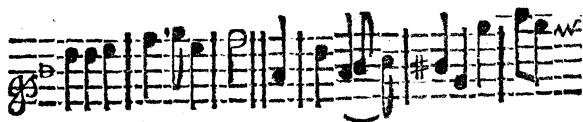
THe Jolly, Jolly Bowl.
 That does quench my thirsty Soul,
 When a—ll the mingling Juice is thrown,
 Per-fu-m'd with fragrant Goar Stone:
 With it's wa—nton Toast too, curling,
 Curling, curling, curling, curling the nut-brown Riles,
 Which down, down, down, down by the gills,
 Ru—n through ru—by Swallows purling.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd the BITE R, Sett
by Mr. John Eccles, and Sung by Mr. Cooke.

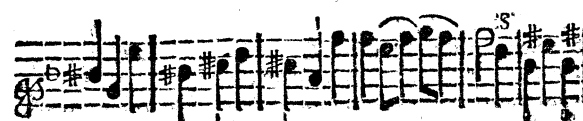
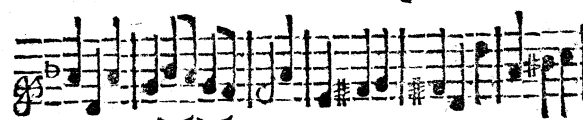
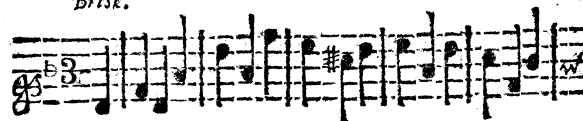


Chloe Blush'd and Frown'd and Swore,
And push'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her Faithless Jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour:
But when I rose and wou'd be gon,
She cry'd nay whither go ye;
Young *Damon* saw, now we're alone,
Do, do, do what you will, do what you will with *Chloe*:
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with *Chloe*,
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with *Chloe*.

The Prologue, in the Island-Princess, Sett and Sung
by Mr. Leveridge.



Brisk.





You've been with dull Prologues here banter'd so long,
 They Signify nothing, or less than a Song:
 To sing you a Ballad this tune we thought fit;
 For Sound has oft nickt you, when Sence could not hit.
 Then Ladies be kind, and Gentlemen mind;
 Wit Capers, play Sharpers, loud Bullies, tame Cullies,
 Sow grumblers, Wench Fumblers, give Ear ev'ry Man:
 Mobb'd Sinners in Pinnars, kept Foppers, Bench-Hoppers,
 High-Flyers, Pitt Plyers, be still if you can:
 You're all in Damnation, you'r all in Damnation for Lead-
[ing the Van.

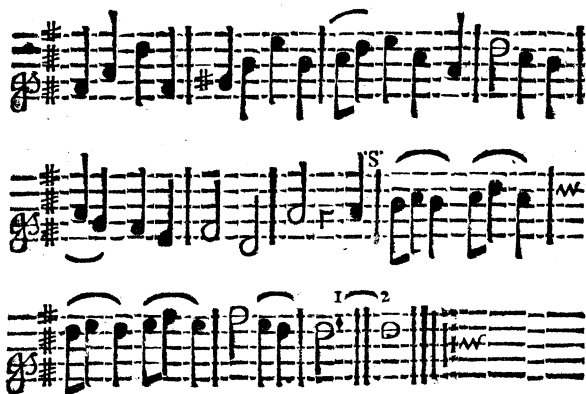
Ye Side-Box Gallants, whom the Vulgar call Beaus,
 Admirers of Self, and nice Judges of Cloaths;
 Who now the War's over cross boldly the Main,
 Yet ne'er were at Sieges, unless at Campeigne,
 Spare all on the Stage, Love in every Age;
 Young Tattles, Wild Rattles, Fan-Tearers, Mask-Fleerers,
 Old Coasters, Love Boasters, who set up for Truth:
 Young Graces, Black Faces, some Faded, some Jaded,
 Old Mothers, and other's, Who've yet a Colts Tooth:
 See us act that in Winter, you'd all act in Youth.

You Gallery Haunters, who love to lye snug,
 And maunch Apples or Cakes, while some Neighbour
[you hugg;

Ye Lofties, Genteels, who above us all sit,
 And look down with Contempt, on the Mob in the Pit,
 Here's what you like best, Jigg, Song, and the rest;
 Free Laughers, Close Graffers, Dry Jokers, Old Soakers;
 Kind Cozens, by Dozens, your Customs don't break:
 Sly Spouses with Blouses, Grave Horners, in Corners;
 Kind No-wits, save Poets, clap till your Hands ake,
 And tho' the Wits Damn us, we'll say the Whims take.

A S O N G Sett by Mr. John Eccles, and Sung
by Mr. Gouge, in the Farce call'd (Women will
have their Wills.)





B *Elinda's* pretty, pretty, pleasing Form,
 Does my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy charm :
 Her prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging, most o-
 [bliging;

Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,
 Oh ! oh ! how She does my Soul alarm :
 There is such Magick in her Eyes,
 Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,
 Does my wond'ring Heart Surprise :
 Her prinking, nimping, twinkling, pinking,
 Whilst I'm, courting, for transporting,
 How like an Angel She panting lyes, She panting lies.

*A Song in the Loves of Mars and Venus, Sett by
Mr. J. Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Hudson.*



TO meet her *Mars* the Queen of Love,
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms;
The Warriour best the Fair can move,
And crowns his toils in Beauty's arms:
The Warriour best the Fair can move,
And crowns his toils in Beauty's arms.

*A Song in the Loves of Mars and Venus, Sett by
Mr. J. Eccles, Sung by Mr. Bracegirdle.*



Fly, fly ye lazy Hours, hast bring him here,
Swift, swift as my fond wishes are;
When we Love, and Love to rage,
Ev'ry moment seems an age:
when we Love, and Love to rage,
Ev'ry moment seems an age.

A Scotch SONG, Sung by Mrs. Ballden.



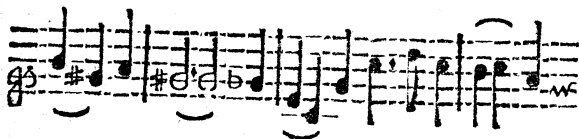
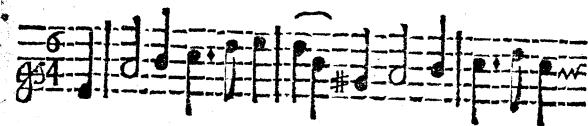
Oh! my panting, panting Heart,
 Why so Young and why so sad;
 Why does pleasure seem a Smart,
 Or I wretched while I'm Glad?
 Oh! Lovers Goddess, who wert form'd
 From Cold and Icy, Icy Seas;
 Instruct me why I am thus Warm'd,
 And Darts at once can Wound and please.

A SONG on a Ladies Drinking.



WHilst *Pbillis* is Drinking, Love and Wine in alliance,
 With Forces United, bids resistless defiance;
 Each touch of her Lip, makes Wine sparkle Higher,
 And her Eyes by her Drinking, redouble the Fire;
 Her Cheeks grow the Brighter recruiting their Colour;
 As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
 Each Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
 And the Liquor like Oyl makes the flame more enduring.

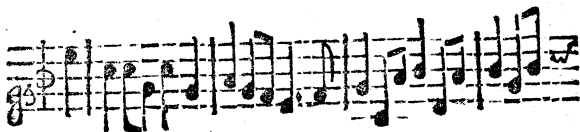
The first S O N G, Sung by Mr. Prince, in the
 (Maid in the Mill.)





How long, how long shall I pine for Love,
 How long shall I Sue in vain,
 How long, how long like the Turtle Dove,
 Must I heavily thus complain?
 Shall the Sails of my Love stand still,
 Shall the grift of my hopes be unground?
 Oh fye, of fye, oh fye, oh fye let the Mill,
 Let the Mill go round, let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

*The Saylor's SONG in the Subscription Musick, Set
 by Mr. Weldon, Sung by Mr. Dogget.*





Just coming from Sea, our Spouſes and we,
 We Punch it, we Punch it, we Punch it;
 We Punch it, we Punch it a Board with Couragio,
 We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing:
 And Hay, hay, hay, hay, hay my brave Boys Bonviagio,
 We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing;
 We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing,
 And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay my brave Boys Bonviagio.

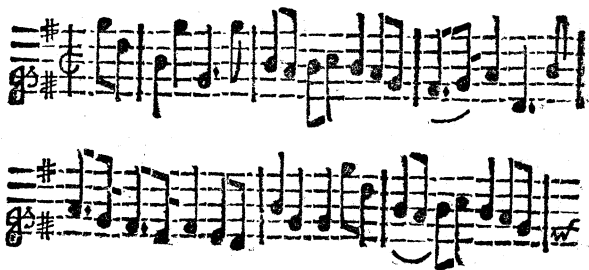
A SONG Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell, and Sung
at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.





Cupid make your Virgins tender,
 Make 'em easy to be won ;
 Let 'em presently surrender,
 When the treatys once begun :
 Such as like a tedious wooing,
 Let 'em cruel Damsels find ;
 But let such as wou'd, as wou'd, be doing,
 Prithee, prithee, prithee *Cupid* make 'em kind,
 Prithee, prithee *Cupid* make 'em kind.

A Scotch Song sung by Mrs. Willis at the Theatre.





K En you who comes here,
 The Laird of aw the clan;
 Whom Is'e Love but fear,
 Because a muckle Man:
 But what if he's great,
 He descends from his State;
 And receive him, receive him as you can.

Come my Bonny Blith Lads,
 Shew your best Lukes and Plads;
 Our Laird is here,
 Whom we shou'd Love:
 And who shou'd approve,
 Our respect as well as fear,
 For the Laird is here whom we Love and fear.

*A SONG in the Comedy call'd Love betray'd, Sung
by Mrs. Bracegirdle, Sett by Mr. John Eccles.*

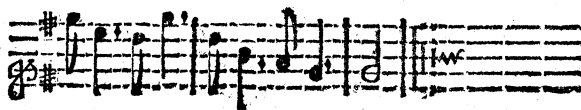
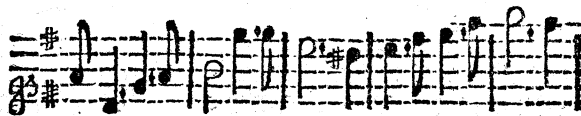
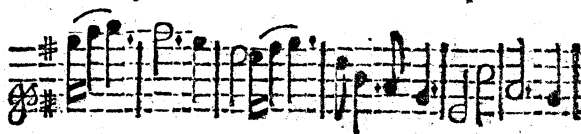
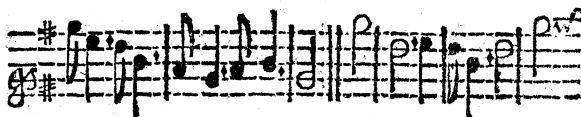
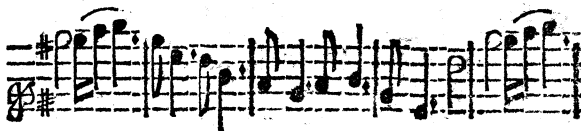
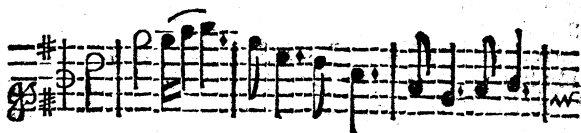




If I hear *Orinda* Swear,
 She cures my Jealous Smart ;
If I hear *Orinda* Swear,
 She cures my Jealous Smart :
 The Treachery becomes the Fair,
 And doubly Fires my Heart ;
 The Treachery becomes the Fair,
 And doubly Fires my Heart.

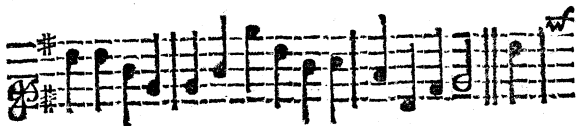
Beauty's strength and Treasure,
 In Falshood still remain ;
 She gives the greatest pleasure,
 That gives the greatest Pain,
 That gives the greatest Pain ;
 She gives the greatest pleasure ;
 She gives the greatest pleasure,
 That gives the greatest pain ;
 She gives the greatest pleasure,
 She gives the greatest pleasure ;
 That gives the greatest Pain,
 That gives the greatest Pain.

*A Scotch SONG Sung by Mr. Leveridge, the
Words by Mr. D'Urfey.*



Farewel my Bonny, bonny witty, pretty *Moggy*,
 And aw the *Rosie Lasses*, milking on the Down;
 A dieu the Flowry Meadows, late so dear to *Fockey*,
 The sports and merry glee, of *Edinburgh Town*.
 Since French and Spanish Loons, stand at Bay,
 And Valliant Lads of Britain, hold 'em Play;
 My Reap-huke, I mun throw quite away,
 And Fight to, like a man,
 Among 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.

Each Carle of *Irish* mettle, battles like a Dragon;
 The *German* waddles and straddles to the Drum,
 The *Italian* and the buttered bowzy Hogan Mogan,
 Gud feth then Scottish *Fockey* may not lig at Home:
 For since they're ganging to Hunt Renown,
 And swear they'll quickly ding the Monsieur Down;
 I'll follow for a pluck at his Crown,
 To shew that *Scotland* can,
 Excell 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.



Then



Then welcome from *Vigo*,
 And Cudgelling *Don Diego*,
 With Bouger Rascallions,
 And Plundring the Galloons;
 Each Brisk valliant fellow,
 Faught at Rodondello,
 And those who did meet,
 With the New found Land Fleet.
 Then for late successes,
 Which Europe Confesses,
 At Land by our gallant Commanders,
 The Dutch in strong Beer,
 Shou'd be drunk for one year,
 With their Generals Health, in Flanders.

Sett by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs Hodgson.

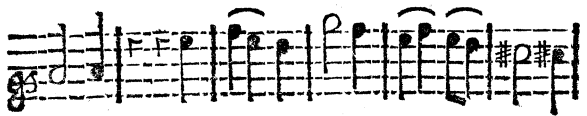
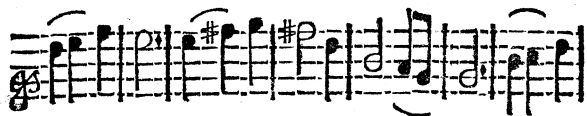
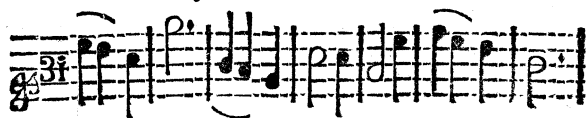




FYe *Amarillis* cease to greive,
 Fy, fy, fy, fy, cease, cease to greive,
 Fy, fy, fy, fy, cease, cease to grieve,
 For him thou never canst retrieve;
 Wilt thou sigh for one that fly's thee,
 Wilt thou sigh for one that fly's thee,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Scorn the wretch,
 Scorn the wretch, that Love deny's thee,
 Scorn the wretch, scorn the wretch,
 That Love, that Love deny's thee.

Call Pride to thy aid, and be not affraid,
 Of meeting a Swain that is Kind;
 As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
 At least, at least a more Generous Mind:
 As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
 At least a more Generous Mind,
 At least a more Generous Mind.

*A SONG in the (Funeral) Sung by Mrs. Harris,
Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.*





Let not Love, let not Love on me, on me bestow,
 Soft distress, soft distress and tender woe ;
 I know none, no, no, no, none but substantial Blissess,
 Eager Glances, eager Glances, solid Kisses :

I know not what the Lover feign,
 Of finer Pleasure mixt with Pain ;

Then prithee, prithee give me gentle boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, but all, all, all, all,
 [all, all the joy,

But all, all, all, all, all, all the joy.

Prithee give me, prithee give me gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all but all, all, all, all,
 [all, all the joy,

But all, all, all, all, all, all the joy.

A SONG Sung at Richmond New Wells, the
Words by M. S. Sett by Mr. Morgan.



A *Aurelia* now one Moment lost,
A thousand sighs may after cost ;
Desires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again.
Desires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again.

The fragrant sweats which do adorn,
The glowing blushes of the morn ;
By Noon are vanish'd all away,
Then let's *Aurelia* live to day.

Love's Conquest.

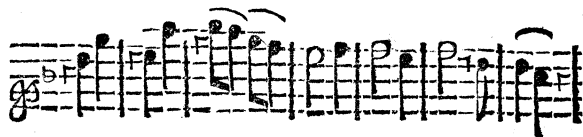
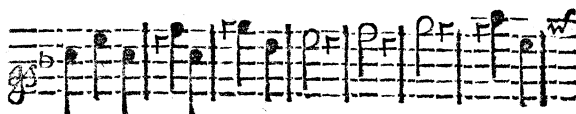
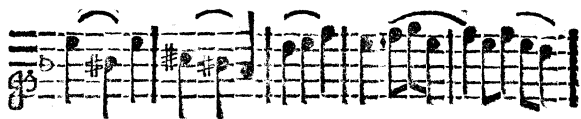
A Sunconcern'd and free as Air,
 I did retain my liberty;
 Laugh'd at the fetters of the Fair,
 And scorn'd a beauties slave to be:
 Till your bright eyes surpriz'd my heart,
 And first inform'd me how to Love;
 Then pleasure did invade each part,
 Yet to conceal my flame I strove.

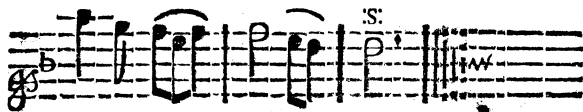
As

As *Indians* at a distance pay,
 Their awful reverence to the Sun;
 And dare not till he'll bless the day,
 Seem to have any thing begun:
 Thus I rest, till your smiles invite,
 My Looks and Thoughts I do constrain;
 And tremble to express delight,
 Unless you please to ease my pain.

A S O N G in the Comedy call'd (The Old Batchelour, Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.







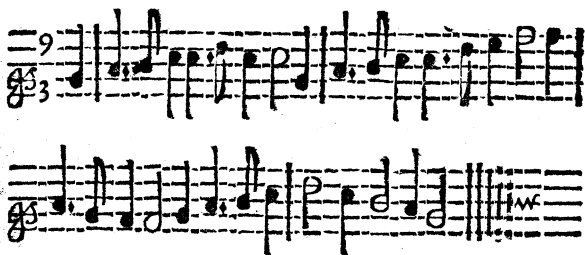
A S *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay,
 As *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay ; [play,
 Melting, melting, melting, melting the hours in gentle
 Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling kisses,
 Mingling kisses, mingling kisses, and exchanging harmless
 [blisses :

He trembling cry'd with eager, eager haft,
 Let me, let me, let me feed, oh ! oh ! let me, let me,
 Let me, let me feed ; oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! let me, let me,
 [let me, let me feed as well as taft ;
 I dye, dye, dye, I dye, dye, I dye,
 I dye, if I'm not wholly blest.

The fearful Nymph replyd forbear,
 I cannot, dare not, must not hear ;
 Dearest *Thyrsis*, do not move me,
 Do not, do not if you Love me :
 O let me still, the Shepherd said,
 But while the fond resistance made ;
 The hasty joy in struggling fled.

Vex'd at the pleasure she had mis'd,
 She frown'd and blush'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd ;
 And seem'd to moan, in sullen cooing,
 The sad miscarriage of their Wooing :
 But vain alas ! were all her charms ;
 For *Thyrsis* deaf to Loves allarms,
 Baffled and senseless, tir'd her Arms.

A S O N G.



S He met with a Country man,
 In the middle of all the Green;
 And *Peggy* was his delight,
 And good sport was to be seen.

But ever she cry'd *Brave Roger*,
 I'll drink a whole glass to thee:
 But as for *John* of the Green,
 I care not a Pin for him.

Bulls and Bears, and Lyons, and Dragons,
 And O brave *Roger* a Cauverly;
 Tiggings, and Wiggings, Pints, and Flaggons,
 Oh brave &c.

He took her by the middle,
 And taught her by the Floot:
 Well done brave *Roger* quoth she,
 Thou hast not left thy old Wont,
 But ever she cry'd &c.

He clapt her upon the buttock,
 And forth she let a fart;
 My belly quoth she is eased by thee,
 And I thank thee *Roger* for't.

The Duke of Gloucesters March, Sett by Dr. Blow.

A Nd now, now the Duke's march,
 Let the Haut-boys play;
 And his Troops in the cloſe,
 Shall Huſ-fa, Huſ-fa, Huſ-fa.
 And now, now the Duke's March,
 Let the Haut-boys play,
 And his Troops in the cloſe,
 Shall Huſ-fa, Huſ-fa, Huſ-fa, Huſ-fa.

A Song in the Comedy call'd the (Wifes Excuse.) H. P.



Corinna I excuse thy face,
 those erring lines, which Nature drew ;
 When I reflect that ev'ry grace,
 Thy mind adorns, is just and true ;
 But oh thy Wit what God has sent,
 Surprising Airy unconfin'd ;
 Some wonder sure *Apollo* meant,
 And shot himself into thy mind.

K

A

*A 'Squire's Choice ; or, The Coy Lady's Beauty by
him admir'd. Tune of lanthe, Page 79.*

THe World is a Bubble, and full of decoys,
Her glittering Pleasures are flattering Toys,
The which in themselves no true Happiness brings,
Rich Rubies, nay Diamonds, Chains, Jewels and Rings
They are but as Dross, and in time will decay,
So will Virgin Beauty, so will Virgin Beauty,
tho' never so gay.

Then boast not young *Phillis*, because thou art fair,
Soft Roses and Lillies more beautiful are,
Than ever thou wast, when they in their prime,
And yet do they fade in a very short time.
All temporal Glories in time will decay,
So will Virgin Beauty, so will Virgin Beauty,
tho' never so gay.

Since all things are changing and nothing will last,
Since Years, Months, and Minutes thy Beauty will blast,
Like Flowers that fade in the fall of the Leaf,
Afford me thy Favour and pitty my Grief;
E'er thy Youth and Beauty do's clearly depart,
For thou art my Jewel, for thou art my Jewel,
the Joy of my Heart.

I value not Riches, for Riches I have,
I value not Honour, no Honour I crave,
But what thou art able to blefs me withal,
And if by thy Frowns to Despair I should fall,
Then Farewel those Joys which so long I have sought,
To languish in Sorrow, to languish in Sorrow,
alas ! I am brought,

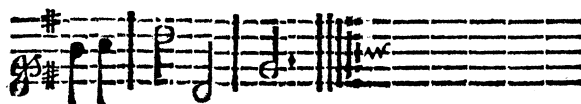
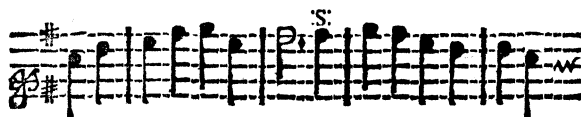
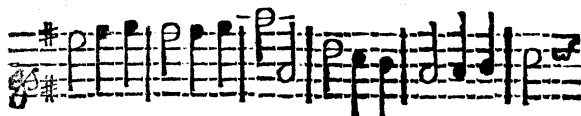
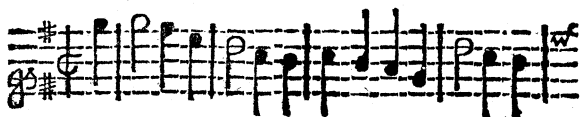
I come not to flatter, as many have done,
Afford me a Smile, or my Dear I shall run
Distracted, as being disturbed in mind;
Then now, now, or never be loving and kind,
This Day thou canst cherish my sorrowful State,
To morrow sweet Jewel, to morrow sweet Jewel,
it may be too late.

You know that young Women has rail'd against Men,
And counted them false and base flatterers, when
We find that your Sexs are as cruel to us,
Or else you would never have tortur'd me thus,
As now you have done by your Darts of Disdain;
You know that I love you, you know that I love you,
Yet all is in vain.

The Damsels Answer, To the same Tune.

NOW dry up thy Tears, and no longer exclaim,
Against thy fair beautiful *Phillis* by name,
Who never as yet was acquainted with Love;
Yet here I declare by the Powers above,
I cannot be cruel to one that is true,
Wherefore bid thy Sorrows, wherefore bid thy Sorrows
for ever adieu.

With all the affections that Words can express,
I freely surrender, and can do no less,
When as I consider in e'ery Degree,
How loyal and faithful thou hast been to me ,
I cannot be cruel to one that is true,
And so bid thy Sorrows, and so bid thy Sorrows
for ever adieu.

The Jolly Sailor's Resolution.

AS I am a Sailor, 'tis very well known,
 And I've never as yet had a Wife of my own;
 But now I resolved for to marry if I can,
 To show my self a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man,
 Man, Man,
 To show my self a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man.

Abroad I have been, and since home I am come,
 My Wages I have took, 'tis a delicate Sum,
 And now Mistress Hostess begins to flatter me,
 But I have not forgot her former Cruelty,
 ty, ty,
 But I have not forgot her former Cruelty.

Near

Near Limehouse she liv'd, where I formerly us'd,
 I'll show you in brief how I once was abus'd,
 After in her House I had quite consum'd my store,
 But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more,
 more, more,
 But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more.

I came to her once with a bundance of Gold,
 And as she that beautiful Sight did behold,
 She said with a kiss thou art welcome *John* to me,
 For I have shed a thousand, thousand Tears for thee,
 thee, thee,
 For I have shed a thousand, thousand Tears for thee.

Her flattering Words I was apt to believe,
 And then at my Hands she did freely recieve,
 A Ring which she said she would keep for *Fonny's* sake,
 She wept for Joy as if her very Heart wou'd break,
 break, break,
 She wept for Joy as if her very Heart wou'd break.

We feasted on Dainties and drank of the best,
 Thought I with my Friends I am happily blest,
 For Punch, Beer and Brandy they Night and Day did call,
 And I was honest *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all,
 all, all,
 And I was honest *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all.

They ply'd me so warm that in troth I may say,
 That I scarce in a Month knew the Night from the Day,
 My Hostess I kiss'd, tho' her Husband he was by,
 For while my Gold and Silver lasted, who but I,
 I, I.
 For while my Gold and Silver lasted, who but I.

They said I should marry their dear Daughter *Kate*,
 And in Token of Love I presented her frait,

With a Chain of Gold, and a rich and costly Head,
Thus *Johnny, Johnny, Johnny* by the Nose was lead,
lead, lead,

Thus *Johnny, Johnny, Johnny* by the Nose was lead.

This Life I did lead for a Month and a Day,
And then all my Glory begun to decay,
My Mony was gone, I quite consum'd my store,
My Hostess told me in a word, she would not score,
score, score,
My Hostess told me in a word, she would not score.

She frown'd like a Fury, and *Kate* she was coy,
A Kiss or a Smile I no more must enjoy,
Nay, if that I called but for a Mug of Beer,
My Hostess she was very deaf, and could not hear,
hear, hear,
My Hostess she was very deaf and could not hear.

But that which concerned me more than the rest,
My Mony was gone, and she'd needs have me prest,
Aboard of the Fleet, then I in a passion flew,
And ever since I do abhor the canting Crew,
Crew, Crew,
And ever since I do abhor the canting Crew.

Now having replenish'd my Stock once again,
My Hostess and Daughter I vow to refrain,
Their Company quite, and betake my self to a Wife,
With whom I hope to live a sober Life,
Life, Life,
With whom I hope to live a sober Life.

Then in came a Damsel as fresh as a Rose,
He gave her a Kiss, and begun for to close,
In courting, and said, canst love an honest Tar,
Who for these Six or Seven Years has travell'd far,
far, far,
Who for these Six or Seven Years has travell'd far.

His offer was noble, his Guinea's was good,
 And therefore the innocent Maid never flood,
 To make a denial, but granted his Request,
 And now she's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor blest,
 blest, blest,
 And now she's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor blest.

Cupids Courties:



Through the cold shady woods,
 As I was ranging,
 I heard the pretty Birds,
 Notes sweetly changing:
 Down by the Meadows side,
 There runs a River,
 A little Boy I spy'd,
 With Bow and Quiver.

Little Boy tell me why,
 Thou art here diving?
 Art thou some Run-away;
 And hast no abiding?

I am no Run-away,
Venus my Mother.
She gave me leave to play,
When I came hither.

Little Boy go with me,
And be my servant,
I will take care to see,
For thy preferment:
If with thee I should go,
Venus would chide me,
And take away my Bow,
And never abide me.

Little Boy let me know,
What's thy name termed,
That thou dost wear a Bow,
And go so armed:
You may perceive the same,
With often changing;
Cupid it is my name,
I live by ranging.

If *Cupid* be thy name,
That shoot at Rovers;
I have heard of thy Fame,
By wounded Lovers:
Should any languish that,
Are set on fire;
By such a naked Brat,
I much admire.

If thou dost but the least,
At my Laws grumble;
I'll pierce thy stubborn breast,
And make the humble,
If I with Golden Dart,
Wound thee but surely;
There's no Physicians art,
That e'er can cure thee.

Little Boy with thy Bow,
 Why dost thou threaten;
 It is not long ago,
 Since thou wast beaten:
 Thy wanton Mother fair,
Venus will chide thee;
 When all thy Arrows are gone,
 Thou may'st go hide thee.

Of powerful shafts you see,
 I am well stored;
 Which makes my Deity,
 so much adored:
 With one poor Arrow now,
 I'll make thee shiver;
 And bend unto my Bow,
 And fear my Quiver.

Dear little *Cupid* be,
 Courteous and kindly;
 I know thou canst not see,
 But shootest blindly:
 Although thou call'st me blind,
 Surely I'll hit thee;
 That thou shalt quickly find,
 I'll not forget thee.

Then little *Cupid* caught,
 his Bow so nimble;
 And shot a fatal shaft,
 Which made him tremble:
 Go tell thy Mistress dear,
 Thou canst discover;
 What all the passions are,
 Of a dying Lover.

And now this gallant heart,
Sorely lies bleeping ;
He felt the greatest smart,
From Love proceeding :
He did her help implore,
Whom he affected,
But found that more and more,
Him she rejected.

For *Cupid* with his craft,
Quickly had chozen.
And with a Leaden shaft,
Her heart had frozen :
Which caus'd this Lover more,
Daily to languish :
'And *Cupid's* aid implore,
To heal this anguish.

He humble pardon crav'd,
For his offence past :
'And vow'd himself a slave,
And to love steadfast ;
His Prayers so ardent were,
Whilst his heart panted,
'That *Cupid* lent an Ear,
And his suit granted.

For by his present plaint,
He was regarded ;
'And his adored Saint,
His Love rewarded ;
And now they live in joy,
Sweetly embracing,
'And left the little Boy,
In the Woods chasing,

*The Serenading Song in the (Constant Couple, or a
Trip to the Jubilee) Words by Mr. G. Farquhar,
Sett by Mr. D. Purcell, Sung by Mr. Freeman.*





THUS *Damon* knock'd at *Celia's* door,
 Thus *Damon* knock'd at *Celia's* door,
 He sigh'd and beg'd and wept and swore,
 The sign was so, She answer'd no,
 The sign was so, She answer'd no, no, no, no.

'Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
 No *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, I am afraid;
 Consider *Damon* I'm a Maid,
 Consider *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm a Maid.

As last his sighs and tears made way,
 She rose and softly turn'd the key,
 Come in said she but do not, do not stay,
 I may conclude, you will be rude,
 But if you are you may,
 I may conclude, you will be rude,
 But if you are you may,

A SONG Sung by Mrs. Prince in the (Agreeable
Disappointment.) Sett by Mr. John Eccles.



Chloe found Love for his *Psyche* in tears,
She play'd with his Dart and smil'd at his fears, fears;
Till feeling at length the Poyson it keeps,
Cupid he smiles and *Chloe* she weeps,
Till feeling at length the Poyson it keeps,
Cupid he smiles and *Chloe* she weeps,
Cupid he smiles and *Chloe* she weeps.

A SONG Set by Mr. John Barrett.





Liberia's all my Thought and Dream,
 She's all, all, all, she's all, all, all, my Pleasure and my
Liberia's all that I Esteem, [pain :
 And all I fear is her Disdain,
 Her Wit, her Humour and her Face,
 Please beyond all I felt before :
 Oh! Why can't I Admire her less,
 Or dear *Liberia*, or dear *Liberia* love me more !

Like Stars all other Female Charms,
 Ne'er touch my Heart, but Feast my Eyes :
 For she's the only Sun that Warms,
 With her alone I'd live and dye :
 Immortal Pow'rs whose Work Divine,
 Inspires my Soul with so much Love ;
 Grant your *Liberia* may be mine, [your Joys above.
 And then, then, then, then, and then, then I share

A SONG, on the (Present State of the Times.)



Church

CHurch Scruples and Tarrs,
 Plunge all *Europe* in Wars,
 English *Cæsar* espouses our quarrels ;
 Predestin'd to stand,
 Against *Lewis Legrand*,
 And wear his new flourishing *Laurels*.
 The cause that is best,
 Now comes to the test,
 For *Heaven* will no longer stand Neuter ;
 But pronounce the great Doom,
 For old *Luther* or *Rome*,
 And prevent all our doubts for the future.

'Twou'd turn a wise brain,
 To consider what pain,
 Fools take to become Politicians ;
 Fops, Bullies, and Citts,
 All set up for Wits,
 And ingeniously hatch new divisions :
 Some show their hot Zeal,
 For a new common-weal,
 And some for a new restoration ;
 Thus cavil and brawl,
 Till the *Mounseurs* get all.
 And prove the best wits of the Nation.

Tho' we medicines apply,
 Yet the Feaver boils high,
 First caus'd by a Catholick Riot ;
 Which no cure can gain,
 Till the breathing the vein,
 Correct the mad pulse into quiet :
 Yet what e'er disease,
 On our Country may chance,
 Let's drink to its healing condition ;
 And rather with *William*,
 Were *Viſtor* in *France*,
 Than *Lewis* were *Englands* Phisician.

Coy Belinda, and false Amindor.



Coy *Belinda* may discover,
 Love is nothing but a name ;
 'Tis not beauty warms the Lover,
 When he tells her of his flame :
 But she keeps a greater treasure,
 Bills and bonds inflame his heart ;
 Charms that flow with tides of pleasure,
 More obey'd than *Cupid's* dart.

False

False *Aminor* leave dissembling,
 Tell her plainly you are poor;
 Hence are all your sighs and tremblings,
 When you talk of your amour:
 Tho' you sigh and tho' you languish,
 Till she gives her self away,
 Then you soon forget your anguish,
 And *Belinda* must obey.

An Amorous Adress to the charming Corinna.

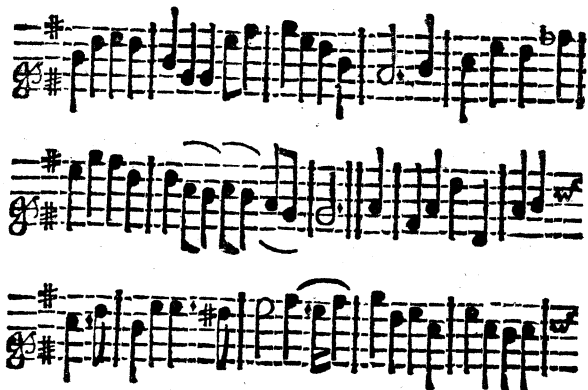


Corinna

Corinna 'tis you that I love,
 And love with a passion (a passion) so great;
 That death a less torment would prove,
 Than either your frown or your hate:
 So soft and prevailing your charms,
 In vain I should strive to retreat;
 Oh! then let me live in your arms,
 Or dye in despair at your feet.

In vain I may pray to Loves powers,
 To ease me and pity my pain;
 Since the heart that I sue for is yours,
 Who all other powers disdain:
 Like a Goddess you absolute reign,
 You alone 'tis can save or can kill;
 To whom else then should I complain,
 Since my fate must depend on your will.

*The Coy Lass dress'd up in her best Commode and
 Top-knot.*

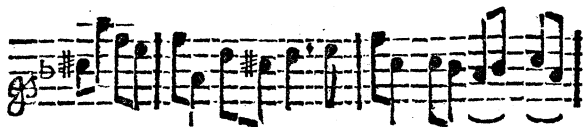




DO not rumple my Top-knot,
 I'll not be kift to day ;
 I'll not be hawl'd and pull'd about,
 Thus on a holy day :
 Then if your rudeness you don't leave,
 No more is to be said ;
 See this long pin upon my sleeve,
 I'll run up to the head ;
 And if you rumple my head Gear,
 I'll give you a good flurt onth' ear.

Come upon a worky day,
 When I have my old cloaths on ;
 I shall not be so nice nor coy,
 Nor stand so much upon :
 Then hawl and pull, and do your best,
 Yet I shall gentle be ;
 Kiss hand, and mouth, and feel my breast,
 And tickle to my knee :
 I won't be put out of my rode,
 You shall not rumple my Commode.

A Scotch Song.



FYe *Fockey* never prattle more so like a *Loon*,
 No Rebel e'er shall gar my heart to Love;

Sawny was a Loyal *Scot* tho' dead and gon,

And *Fenny* in her *Daddy's* way with muckle joy shall move
 Laugh at the *Kirk-Apostles* and the canting swarms, [King,

And fight with bonny Lads that love their monarchy and

Then *Fenny* fresh and blith shall take thee in her arms,

And give thee Twenty kisses and perhaps a better thing.

A New Song Sett for the Flute.

After the pangs of fierce Desire,
 The doubts and hopes that wait on Love;
 And feed by turn's the raging fire,
 How charming must fruition prove:
 When the triumphant Lover feels,
 None of those pains which once he bore;
 Or when reflecting on his ills,
 He makes his pleasure, pleasure more,
 He makes his pleasure, pleasure more.

*A Song in the Dramatick Opera (of King Arthur,
Written by Mr. Dryden.*



FAirest Isle, all Isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures, and of Love;
Venus here, will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian Grove.

Cupid from his fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove;
Jealousy that poysons passion,
And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle

Gentle murmurs sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every Nymgh shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for Love.

A S O N G in the Comedy call'd the (Wifes Excuse :
Or, Cuckolds make themselves.) *Sung by Mrs.*
Butler.





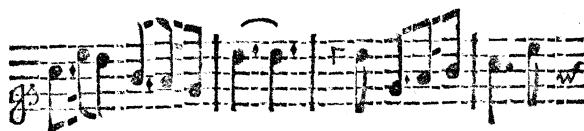
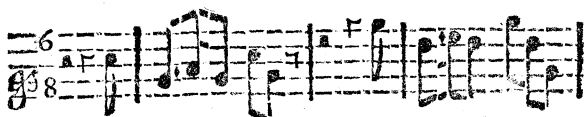
HAng this whining way of wooing,
 Loving was design'd a sport ;
 Sighing, talking without doing,
 Makes a silly Idol court :
 Don't beleive that words can move her,
 If she be not well inclin'd ;
 She her self must be the Lover,
 To perswade her to be kind :
 If at last she grants the favour,
 And consents to be undone ;
 Never think your passion gave her,
 To your wishes but her own.

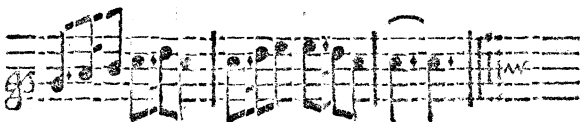
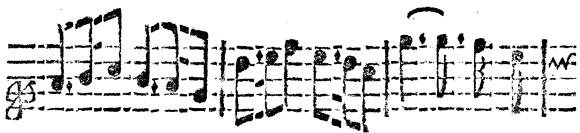
*A SONG in the Opera call'd the (Fairy Queen,)
Sung by Mr. Pate.*



Here's the summer sprightly, gay,
Smiling, wanton, fresh and fair:
Adorn'd with all the flowers of May,
Whose various sweets perfume the Air.
Adorn'd with all the flowers of May,
Whose various sweets perfume the Air.

*A SONG Sung by Mrs. Ayliff in the Play call'd
(Love Triumphant: Or, Nature will Prevail.
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.*





How happy's the husband, how happy's the husband,
 Whose wife has been try'd, has been try'd,
 Not damn'd to the bed, not damn'd to the bed of an igno-
 rant bride;
 Secure of what's left, secure of what's left, he ne'er misses
 (the rest,
 But where there's enough, enough, enough, but where
 (there's enough, supposes a fault :

So foreknowing the cheat,

He escapes the deceit ;

And in spite of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be
 (blest.

And in spite of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be
 (blest.

He resolves to be blest, he resolves, he resolves to be blest.

If children are blessings, his comfort's the more,

Whose Spouse has been known to be fruitful before ;

And the Boy that she brings ready Made to his hand,

May stand him in stead for an heir to his land :

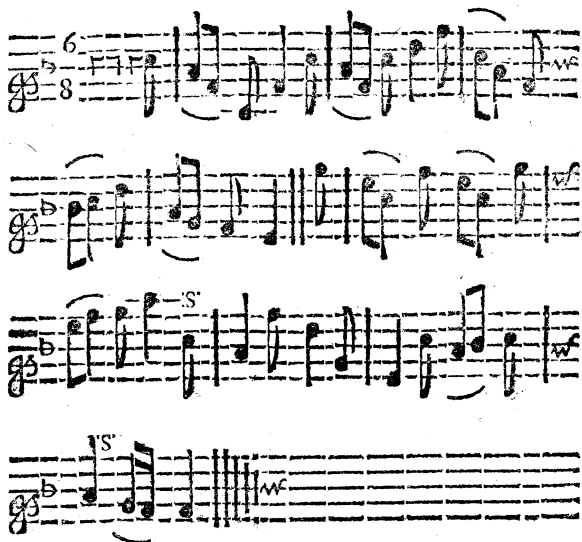
Shou'd his own prove a sot,

When 'tis lawfully got ;

As when e'er it is so, if it won't I'll be hang'd,)

A New Song to the Tune of the Old Batchelor.

IF ever you mean to be kind,
 To me the favour, the favour allow;
 For fear that to morrow shou'd alter my mind,
 Oh! let me now, now, now,
 If in hand then a Guinny you'll give,
 And swear by this kind embrace;
 That another to morrow as you hope to live,
 Oh! then I will freight unlace:
 For why shou'd we two disagree,
 Since we have, we have opportunity.

A Song Sett to Musick by Mr. Will. Richardson.

I know her false, I know her base,
 I know that Gold alone can move;
 I know she Jilts me to my face,
 And yet good Gods, and yet good Gods I know I Love.

I see too plain and yet am blind,
 Wou'd think her true while she forsooth;
 To me and to my Rival's kind,
 Courts him, courts me, courts him, courts me, and Jilts
 [us both.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd (Sir Anthony
Love: Or, The Rambling Lady,) Sett by Mr.
Henry Purcell.





IN vain *Clemene*, you bestow,
 The promis'd empire of your heart;
 If you refuse to let me know,
 The wealthy Charms of every part.

My passion with your kindness grew,
 Tho' beauty gave the first desire,
 But beauty only to pursue,
 Is following a wandering fire,
 Is following a wandering fire,

As Hills in perspective, suppress,
 The free enquiry of the sight:
 Restraint makes every pleasure less;
 And takes from Love the full delight.

Faint Kisses may in part supply,
 Those eager Longings of my soul;
 But oh! I'm lost, if you deny,
 A quick possession of the whole.

A Mock Song to (If Love's a sweet Passion)



IF Wine be a Cordial why does it torment,
 If a Poyson oh! tell me whence comes my content?
 Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain;
 Or repent ev'ry morn when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so charming the Glas is, so deep is the Quart,
 That at once it both drowns and enlivens my Heart.

I take it off briskly and when it is down,
 By my jolly complexion I make my joy known;
 But oh! how I'm blest when so strong it does prove,
 By its sovereign heat to expel that of Love:
 When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,
 And am wrapt with such pleasures as yet want a name.

A SONG in the (Fairy Queen.) Sung Mrs. Dyer.



I am come to lock all fast,
 Love without me cannot last:
 Love like counsels of the Wife,
 Must be hid from vulgar Eyes;
 'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must conceal it,
 They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.
 They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.

The Loyal Subjects WISH. Mrs. Anne Morcott.



Let *Mary* live long,
She's vertuous and witty,
All charmingly Pretty,
Let *Mary* live long,
And reign many years :
Wou'd the cloud was gone o'er,
That troubles us sore :
When the sunshine appears,
We shall be deliver'd,
We shall be deliver'd ;
From fury and fears.

Heavens send the King home,
With Laurels to crown him
Each Rebel may own him :
And may he live long,
And reign many years :
When the conquest is plain,
And three kingdoms regain'd ;
Let his enemies fall,
Then *Cæsar* shall flourish,
Then *Cæsar* shall flourish,
In spight of them all.

All glorious and gay,
Let the King live for ever :
May he languish never, never :
Like flowers in *May*,
His actions smell sweet ;
When the wars are all done,
And he safe in his Thorne ;
Trophies lay at his feet,
With loud Acclamations,
With loud Acclamations,
His Majesty greet,

The Shepherdes Lerinda's Complaint, by Walter Overbury Gent.



L *Erinda* complaineth that *Strephon* is dull,
 And that nothing diverting proceeds from his Skull ;
 But when once *Lerinda* vouch-safes to be kind,
 To her long admirer she'll then quickly find :
 Such strange alteration as will her confute,
 That *Strephon's* transported, that *Strephon's* transported,
 That *Strephon's* transported, and grown more accate.

A Song Sett to Musick by Mr. Graves.





MY dear *Corinna* give me leave,
 To gaze, to gaze on her I love;
 The Gods cou'd never, never yet conceive,
 Her worth, tho' from above;
 There's none on earth can equalize,
 So sweet, so sweet a Soul as she;
 Who ever gains so great a prize,
 Has all, has all that Heav'n can be.

Curse on my fate, who plac'd me here,
 In a Sphere, a Sphere, so much below;
 My Love, my Life my all that's dear;
 And yet She must not know:
 The torment for her I sustain,
 Shall ill, shall ill rewarded be;
 When loving, when loving, and not Lov'd again,
 Does prove, does prove, a Hell to me.

*The Royal Example.**Mr. Henry Purcell.*

May her blest Example chace,
 Vice in troops out of the land ;
 Flying from her awful face,
 Like trembling Ghosts when day's at hand :
 May her Hero bring us peace,
 Won with honour in the field ;
 And our home-bred factions cease,
 He still our Sword, and She our Sheild.

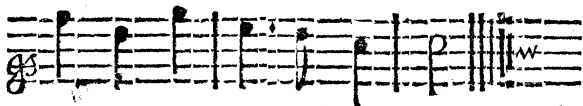
A Song the words and Tune by Mr. Witt Green.



Never sigh but think of kissing,
 More, and more, and more of wishing;
 To possess the mighty blessing,
 While they enjoy it they are true:
 They'll hug they'll cling and heave up too,
 But liberty when once regain'd,
 The favour's to another feign'd.

Why shou'd we then the sex admire,
 For 'twas never their desire;
 To maintain a constant Fire,
 If oagling, wheedling you'll beleave,
 They hourly study to deceive,
 But we will find out better ways,
 In Musick, Singing spend our days.

The Royal Triumph of Britain's Monarch.



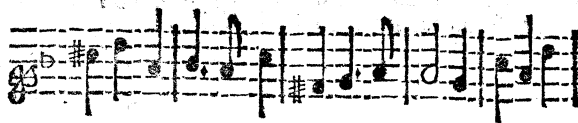
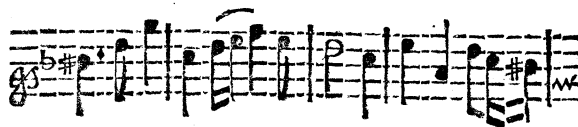
New Pyramid's raise,
 Bring the Poplar and Bayes,
 To Crown our Triumphant Commander;
 The French too shall run,
 As the Irish have done,
 Like the *Persians*, the *Persians*;
 Like the *Persians*, the *Persians*,
 Like the *Persians* before *Alexander*.

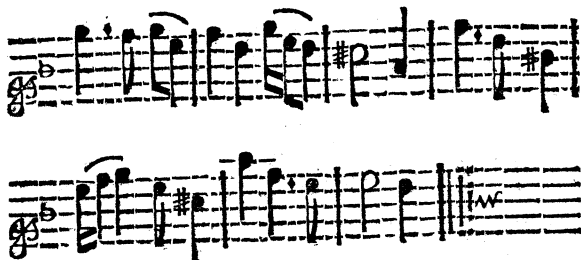
Had the *Rubicon* been,
 Such a stream as the *Boyn*,
 Not *Caesar*, not *Caesar*, himself had gon on;
 King *William* exceeds, great *Caesar* in deeds,
 More than he did, more than he did,
 More than he did, great *Pampey* before.

Though born in a state,
 Fore-told was his fate,
 That he should be a monarch ador'd;
 One Globe was too small,
 To contain such a soul,
 New worlds must submit to his sword.

So great and benign,
 Is our Sov'reign Queen,
 Made to share his Empire and bed;
 May she still fill his arms,
 With her Lovely soft Charms,
 And a race of King *William's* succeed.

*A Song, in the Play called, the Tragedy of Cleomenes,
the Spartan Heroe, Sung by Mrs. Butler, Sett by
Mr. H. Purcell.*



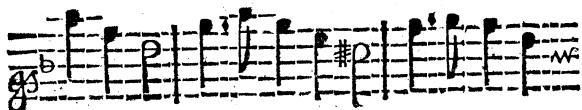


NO no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour ;
 Chuse to sustain the smart rather than leave her :
 My ravish'd Eyes behold such charms about her,
 I can dye with her but not live without her :
 One tender sigh of her to see me languish ;
 Will more than pay the price of my past anguish,
 Beware, oh cruel fair how you smile on me,
 'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
 And she will end my pain who did begin it ;
 Then no day void of Bliss and pleasures leaving,
 Ages shall slide away without perceiving :
 Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
 And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us ;
 Time and death shall depart, and say in flying ;
 Love as found out a way to live by dying.

*The Loyal Delights of a contented Mind. The Words
by Mr. Mumford, Sett by Mr. H. Purcell.*





OH now happy's he, who from Business free ;
 Can enjoy his Mistress, Bottle and his Friend :
 Not confin'd to State, nor the pride of Great ;
 Only on himself, not others doth Depend :
 Change can never vex him, Faction ne'er perplex him ;
 If the World goes well a Bumper crowns his joys,
 If it be not so, then he takes of two ;
 Till succeeding Glasses, Thinking doth destroy.

When his noddle reels, he to *Cælia* steals ;
 And by pleasures unconfin'd runs o'er the night ;
 In the Morning wakes, a pleasing farewell takes ;
 Ready for fresh tipling, and for new delight :
 When his Table's full, oh then he hugs his Soul ;
 And drinking all their healths, a welcome doth express :
 When the Cloth's remov'd, then by all approv'd,
 Comes the full grace Cup, Queen *Ann*'s good success.

*On a Lady Drinking the Waters, The words by Sir.
George Etherige, Sett by Mr. James Hart.*



P*H*is lay aside your Thinking,
Youth and Beauty shou'd be Gay,
Laugh and talk and mind your Drinking;
Whilst we pass the Time away,
Laugh and talk and mind your Drinking,
While we pass the Time away.

They ought only to be pensive,
Who dare not their Grief declare,
Left their story be offensive,
But still languish in despair,
Left their, &c.

Yet what more torments your Lovers,
They are Jealous they Obey,
One whose Restless mind discovers,
She's no less a Slave then They,
One whose, &c.

The Lascivious Lover and the coy Lass.

Pish fy you're rude Sir,
 I never saw such idle fooling;
 You're grown so lewd Sir,
 So debauch'd I hate your ways;
 Leave, what are you doing?
 I see you seek my ruin,
 I'll cry out, pray make no delay,
 But take your hand away;
 Ah! good Sir, pray Sir, don't you do so,
 Never was I thus abus'd so,
 By any man but you alone,
 Therefore Sir pray begon.

Advice to a Miser. Sett by Mr. James Graves.

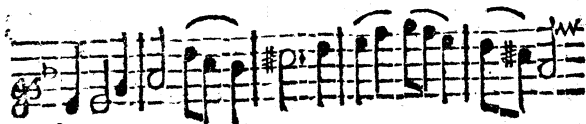
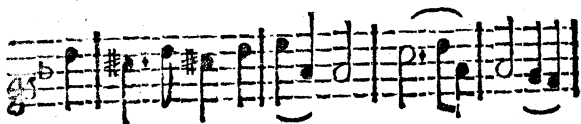
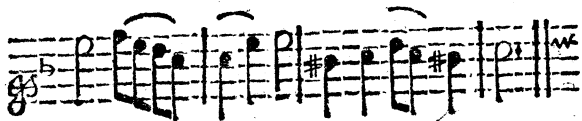
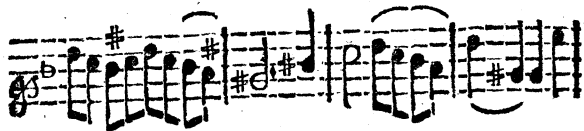
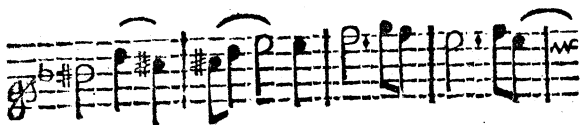
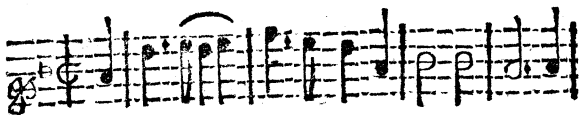


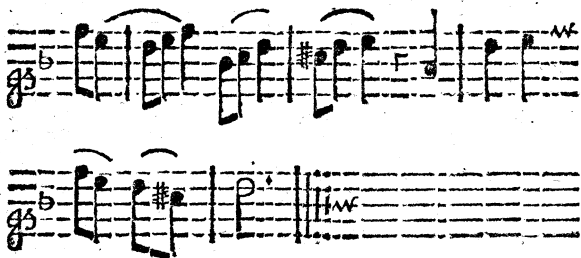
Retire old Miser, and learn to be wiser,
In looking o'er Books ne'er spend all thy Time;
But rather be thinking, of roaring and drinking.
For by those to Promotion thou'lt speedily climb.

Then prithee be Jolly, desert this thy folly,
Make welcome thy Friends and ne'er repine;
For when thou art hurl'd, into the next world,
Thy Heir I'll engage it in splendor will shine.

When thy breath is just vanish'd, his care will be banisht;
And scarce will he follow thy Corps to the grave;
Then be cautious and wary, for nought but Canary,
He's a Fool that for others himself do's enslave.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd (The Wifes Excuse : Or, Cuckolds make themselves.) Sung by Mr. Mountford. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.





Say cruel *Amoret*, how long, how long,
 In *billet-doux*, and humble Song;
 Shall poor *Alexis*, shall poor *Alexis*, poor *Alexis* woo?
 If neither Writing, Sighing, Sighing, Dying,
 Reduce you to a lost complying,
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, when will you come too.

Full thirteen Moons are now past o'er,
 Since first those Stars I did adore,
 That set my heart on fire:
 The conscious Play-house, Parks and Court,
 Have seen my sufferings made your sport,
 Yet I am ne'er the nigher.

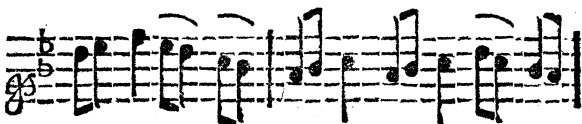
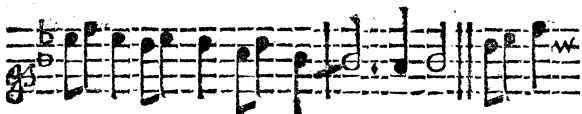
A faithful Lover shou'd deserve,
 A better face, than thus to starve:
 In sight of such a feast:
 But oh! if you'll not think it fit,
 Your hungry slave shou'd tast one bit;
 Give some kind looks at least.

The Doubtful Lovers Request.

Such command o'er my Fate has your love or your hate,
 That nothing can make me more wretched or great ;
 Whilst expiring I lie, to live or to die,
 Thus doubtful the sentence of such I rely :
 Your Tongue bids me go, tho' your Eyes say not so,
 But much kinder words from their Language do flow.

Then leave me not here thus between hope and fear,
 Tho' your Love cannot come let your pity appear ;
 But this my request, you must grant me at least,
 And more I'll not ask but to you leave the rest ;
 If my fate I must meet, let it be at your feet.
 Death there with more joy, than else-where I wou'd greet.

A SONG in the Play call'd (Rule a Wife and
have a Wife.) Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.
Sung by Mrs. Hudson.

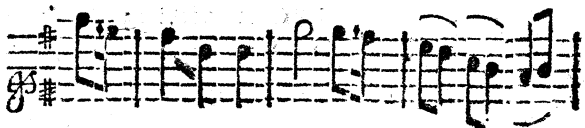
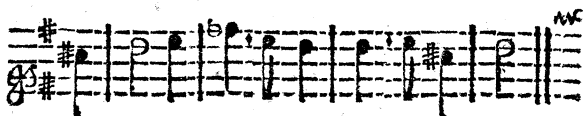
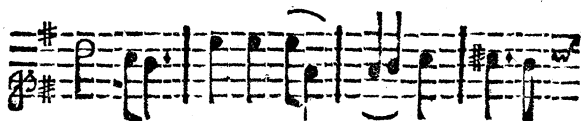
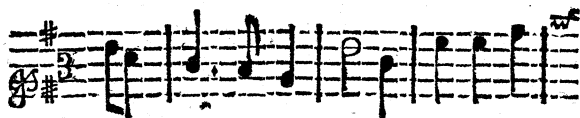


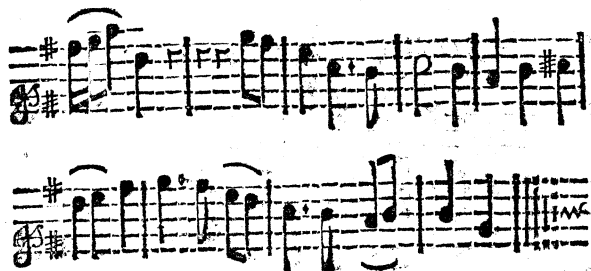


THere's not a Swain on the Plain,
 Wou'd be blest like me, (smile;
 Oh! could you but, cou'd you but, cou'd you but, on me
 But you appear so severe,
 That trembling with fear,
 My heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat, all the while:

If I cry must I die, you make no reply,
 But look shy and with a scornful eye,
 Kill me by your cruelty;
 Oh! can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can
 you be, can you be, can you be, can you, can you, can you be
 too hard to me.

A S O M G Set by Mr. Barincloe.

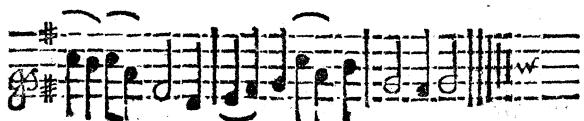
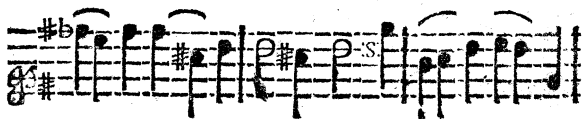
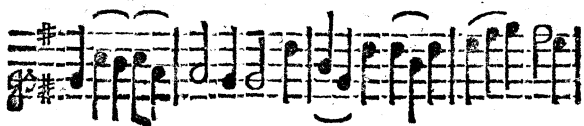
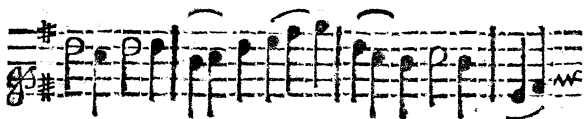
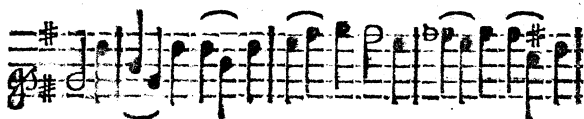
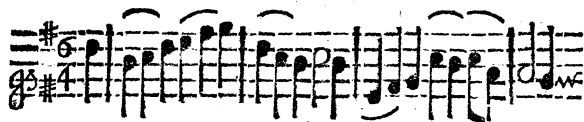




'Tis a foolish mistake,
 That riches can speak,
 Or e'er for good Rhetoric pass;
 To a fool I confess,
 Your Gold may address,
 Or else where the master's an ass:
 To a woman of sense,
 'Tis a forded pretence,
 That a golden Effigies can move her;
 No face on the coin,
 Is half so divine,
 As that of a faithful young Lover.

But men when they love,
 Their passion to prove,
 From the Court to the dull Country novice;
 To the fair they're so kind,
 First to fathom their mind,
 Next search the prerogative office;
 No imprimis I give,
 Then the fair one they leave,
 Notwithstanding their strong protestations;
 Till the Lady discover,
 No fortune, no lover,
 Then draws off her fond inclination;

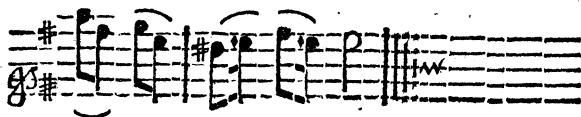
A RIDDLE.



THere is a thing which in the light
 Is seldome us'd, but in the night
 It serves the maiden female crew,
 The Ladies and the good wives too:
 They us'd to take it in their hand,
 And then it will uprightly stand;
 And to a hole they it apply,
 Where by its good Will it cou'd die:
 It wafts, goes out, and still within,
 It leaves it's moisture thick and thin.

A Song Sett by Mr. Rob. King.





TELL me why so long you try me,
 Still I follow still you fly me;
 Will the race be never done,
 Will it be ever but begun:
 Cou'd I quit my love for you,
 I'd ne'er love more what e'er I do;
 When I speak truth you think I lie,
 You think me false but say not why.

A SONG in the Play call'd (Lancashire Witches.)
Sung by Mrs. Hudson, and Set by Mr. J. Eccles.

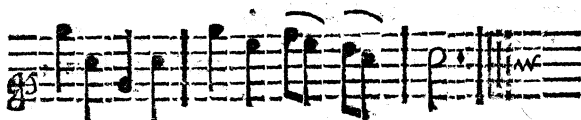
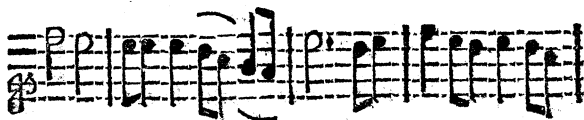
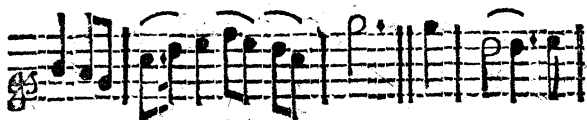




Tormenting beauty leave my breast,
 In spite of *Cloe* I'll have rest;
 In vain is all her Syren art,
 Still longer to hold my troubled heart:
 For I'm resolv'd to break the chain,
 And o'er her charms the conquest gain,
 And o'er her charms the conquest gain.

Insulting beauty I have born,
 Too long your female pride and scorn;
 Too long have been your publick jest,
 Your common Theme at ev'ry feast:
 Let others thee, vain Fair, pursue,
 Whilst I for ever bid adieu,
 Whilst I for ever bid adieu.

*The valiant Soldier's, and Sailor's, Loyal Subjects
Health, to the Queen, Prince and Noble Commanders.*



Now now the Queens health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
Whilst the Troops on their march shall huzza, huzza,
(huzza:

Now now the Queens health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
While the Drums and the Trumpets,
Sound from the shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now the Princes health,
And let the Haut-boys play,
Whilst the Troops on their march, shall huzza, huzza,
(huzza:
Now

Now, now the Prince's health,
 And let the Haut-boys play ;
 Whilst the Drums and the Trumpens,
 Sound from the shore huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now the brave *Eugene's* health,
 Who shews the French brave play ;
 And does march over rocks, let's huzza, huzza, huzza,
 Now the brave *Eugene's* health,
 And let the Haut-boys play,
 Whilst the Drums and the Trumpets,
 Sounds as they march, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now, now the Duke's health,
 Brave *Marlborough* I say,
 Whilst the Cannon do roar, let's huzza, huzza, huzza,
 Now, now the Duke's health,
 And let the Haut-boys play ;
 While the Drums and the Trumpets,
 Sound from the shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now brave *Ormond's* Health boys,
 Whilst Colours do display,
 And the Britains in fight, shall huzza, huzza, huzza ;
 Now brave *Ormond's* Health boys,
 Whilst Colours do display :
 And the Drums and the Trumpets,
 Sound from the shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now Sir *Cloudsly's* health boys,
 And Trumpets sound each day,
 Whilst the Tars with their Caps shall huzz, huzza,
 (huzza,

Now Sir *Cloudsly's* health boys,
 And Trumpets sound each day :
 Whilst the Thundering Cannon,
 Loudly do roar, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Brave *Peterborough's* health boys,
 Who boldly makes his way,
 While the French run let us huzza, huzza, huzza;
 Brave *Peterborough's* health boys:
 And let the Haut-boys play,
 While the Drums and the Trumpets:
 Sound as they march, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now, now brave *Leak's* health,
 Who is failed away?
 For to find the French fleet, let's huzza, huzza, huzza;
 Now, now brave *Leak's* health,
 Who'll shew the French fair play,
 While the Drums and the Trumpets:
 Sound from on Board, huzza, huzza, huzza.

*The Beau's Ballad. Occasioned by the sight of a
 White Marble Side-Table.*



A Pox on the Fool,
 Who could be so dull,
 To contrive such a Table for Glasses :
 Which at the first sight,
 The Guests must affright,
 More by half than their Liquor rejoyces.

'Tis so like a Tomb,
 That whoever does come,
 Can't look on't without thus reflecting;
 Heaven knows how soon,
 We must lye under one,
 And such thought must needs be perplexing.

Then away with that Stone,
 Break it, throw it down,
 To some Church or other, else fling't in :
 'Tis fitter by far,
 To have a place there,
 That stand here to spoil Mirth and good Drinking.

There death let it show,
 To those who will go,
 And Monuments there gaze and stare at;
 We come here to live,
 And sad thoughts away drive,
 With good store of immortal Claret.

Tho' the Glasses stand there,
 They shant do so here,
 'Tis the only kind lesson that teaches;
 Whilst it seems to say,
 Life's short, Drink away,
 No time o'er your liquour to Preach is.

Then fill up the Glass,
 About let it pass,
 Tho' the Marble of death doth remind us;
 The Wine shall ne'er die,
 Tho' you must, and I,
 We'll not leave a drop of't behind us.

A SONG.



MY Dear and only love take heed,
 How thou thy self expose;
 And let not longing Lovers feed,
 Upon such looks as those:
 I'll Marble Wall thee round about,
 And Build without a door;
 But if my love doth once break out,
 I'll never love thee more.

If thou hast love that thou refine,
 And though thou see'st me not;
 Yet parrallel that heart of thine,
 Shall never be forgot:
 But if unconstancy admit,
 A stranger to bear sway;
 My treasure that proves counterfeit,
 And he may gain the day.

I lock my self within a Cell,
And wander under ground ;
For there is no such faith in her,
As there is to be found :
I'll curse the day that e'er thy face,
My soul did so betray ;
And so for ever, evermore,
I'll sing O well-a-day !

Like *Alexander* I will prove,
For I will reign alone ;
I'll have no partners in my love,
Nor rivals in my throne :
I'll do by thee as *Nero* did,
When *Rome* was set on fire ;
Not only all relief forbid,
But to the hills retire.

I'll fold my arms like Ensigns up,
Thy falshood to deplore ;
And after such a bitter Cup,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bore thee once,
And lest that love should die ;
A marble Tomb of stone I'll write,
The truth to testify :
That all the pilgrims passing by,
May see and so implore ;
And stay and read the reason why,
I'll never love thee more.

A SONG.

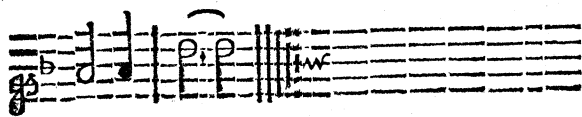
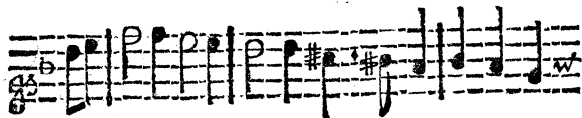
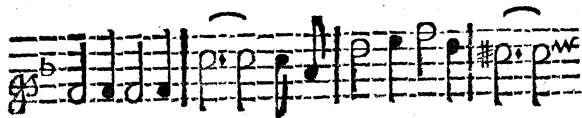
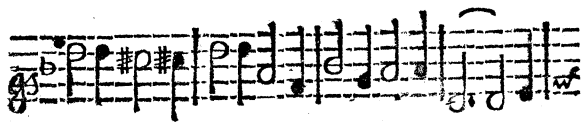
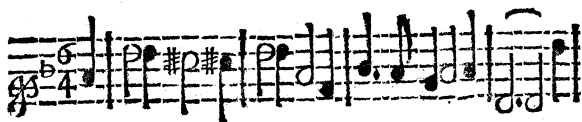


Underneath the Castle Wall, the Queen of
Love sat Mourning,
Tearing of her golden Locks, her red Rose.
Checks adorning ;
With her Lilly white hand she smote her
Breasts,
And said she was forsaken,
With that the Mountains they did skip,
And the Hills fell all a quaking.

Underneath the rotten hedge, the Tinkers
Wife sat shiting,
Tearing of a Cabbage leaf, her shitten A—
A wiping ;
With her cole black hands she scratch't her
A—,
And swore she was beshtitten,
With that the Pedlars all did skip,
And the Fiddlers fell a spitting.

The

*The 2d. Part of the Treaders Meddly : or, The Cries
of London.*



Come buy my Greens and Flowers fine,
Your Houses to adorn;
I'll grind your knives, to please your Wives,
And bravely cut your Corns:
Ripe Straw-berries here I have to Sell,
With Taffity Tarts and Pyes;
I've Brooms to sell will please you well,
If you'll believe your Eyes.

Here's

Here's Salop brought from foreign parts,
With dainty Pudding-Pyes;
And Shrewsbury-Cakes, with wardens bak'd,
I scorn to tell you lies:
With Laces long and ribbands broad,
The best that e'er you see;
If you do lack an Almanack,
Come by it now of me.

The Tinker's come to stop your holes,
And Sauder all your Cracks;
What e'er you think here's dainty Ink,
And choice of Sealing-Wax:
Come maids bring out your Kitchin-stuff,
Old Rags, or Womens hair;
I'll sell you Pins for Coney-skins,
Come by my Earthen ware.

Here's Limmons of the biggest size,
With Eggs and Butter too;
Brave news they say is come to day,
If *Jones's* News be true:
Here's Spiggots and fine Wooden-wares,
With Fosslets to put in;
I'll Bottom all your broken Chairs,
Then pray let me begin.

A Rabbat fat and plump I have,
Young Maidens love the same;
Come by a Bird, I'm at a word,
Or Pullet of the Game:
I sell the best spice Ginger-Bread,
You ever did Eat before;
While Madam *King*, her Dumplings,
She cry's from Door to Door.

Come buy a Comb, or buckle fine,
For Girdle of your lads;
My Oysters too, are very new,
With Trumpet sounding glass:

Your

Your Lanthorn-horns I'll make them shine,
 And mend them very well ;
 There's no Jack-line so good as mine,
 As I have here to sell.

Come by my Honey and my Book,
 For Cuckolds to peruse ;
 Your Turnip-man is come again,
 To tell his Dames some news :
 I've Plums and Damsons very fine,
 With very good mellow Pears ;
 Come by a charming Dish of Fish,
 And give it to your Heirs.

Come buy my Figs, before they're gone,
 Here's Custards of the best ;
 And Mustard too, that's very new,
 Tho' you may think I Jest :
 My holland-socks are very strong,
 Here's Eels do skip and play ;
 My hot grey-pease buy if you please,
 For I come no more to day.

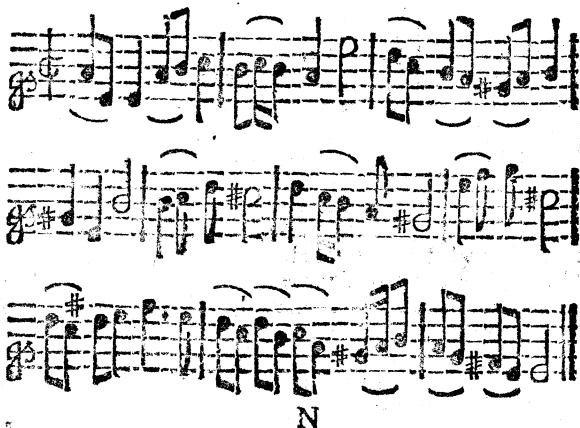
Old Suits or Cloaks or Campaign Wigs,
 With rusty Guns or Swords ;
 When Whores or Pimps do buy my Shrimps,
 I never take their words :
 Your Chimney clean my Boy shall sweep,
 While I do him command ;
 Card matches cheap by lump or heap,
 The best in all the land.

Come taste and buy my Brandy Wine,
 'Tis newly come from *France* :
 This powder now is good I vow,
 Which I have got by chance :
 New Mackeril the best I have,
 Of any in the Town ;
 Here's Cloath to sell will please you well,
 As soft as any Down.

Work for the Cooper, Maids give ear,
 I'll hoop your Tubs and Pails ;
 And if your sight it is not right,
 Here's that as never fails :
 Milk that is new come from the Cow,
 With Flounders fresh and fair ;
 Here's Elder buds to purge your bloods,
 And Onions keen and rare.

Small-coal young maids I've brought you here,
 The best that e'er you us'd ;
 Here's Cherries round and very sound,
 If they are not abus'd ;
 Here's Pippings lately come from *Kent*,
 Pray taste and then you'll buy ;
 But mind my Song and then e'er long,
 You'll sing it as well as I.

The Lovers C H A R M.

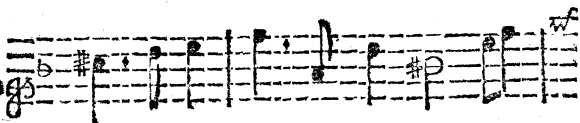
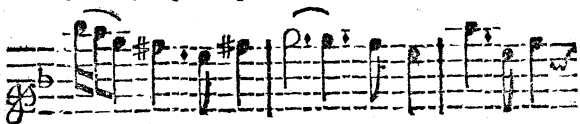
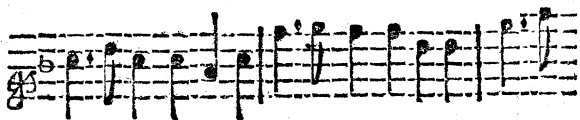
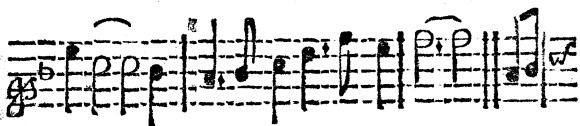
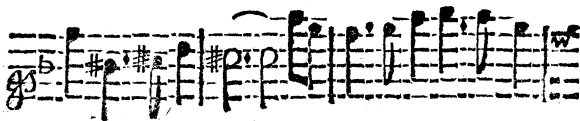
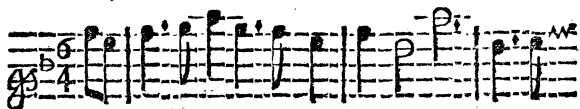


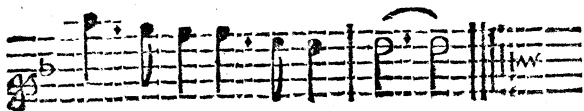


TELL me, tell me, charming fair,
 Why so cruel and severe;
 Is't not you, ah! you alone,
 Is't not you, ah! you alone,
 Secures my wandering heart your own:
 Change, which once the most did please,
 Now wants the power to give me ease;
 You've fixt me as the Centure sure,
 And you who kill alone can cure,
 And you who kill alone can cure.

If refusing what was granted,
 Be to raise my passion higher;
 Nymph believe me I ne'er wanted,
 Art for to inflame desire:
 Calm my thoughts serene my mind,
 Still increas'ing was my joy;
 Till *Lavinia* prov'd unkind,
 Nothing could my peace destroy.

A S O N G in the Comedy call'd (The Maids last Prayer, Or, any rather then fail.)





T Ho' you make no return to my passion,
Still, still I presume to adore;

'Tis in love but an odd reputation,
When faintly repuls'd to give o'er:

When you talk of your duty,

I gaze at your beauty;

Nor mind the dull maxim at all,

Let it reign in *Cheapside*,

With the Citizens Bride:

It will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er
be receiv'd at *White-hall*.

What Apocryphal tales are you told,

By one, one who would make you believe;

That because of *to have* and *to hold*,

You still must be pin'd to his sleeve:

'Twere apparent high treason,

'Gainst Love and 'gainst Reason,

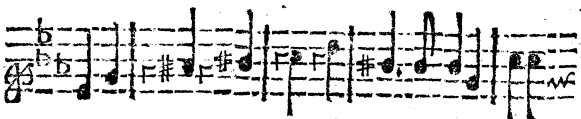
Shou'd one such a treasure engross;

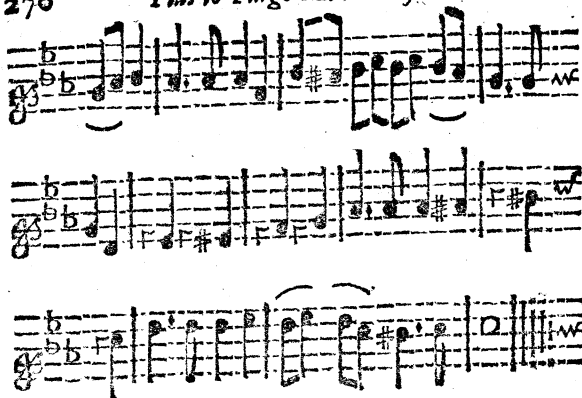
He who knows not the joys,

That attend such a choice,

Shou'd resign to another that does.

A S O N G Sung by Mrs. Hudson, in the Play
call'd (Love Triumphant: Or, Nature will Pre-
vail.) Sett by Mr. John Eccles.



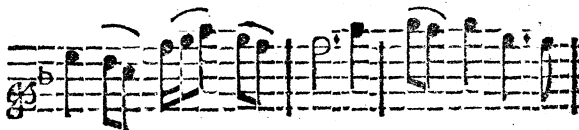
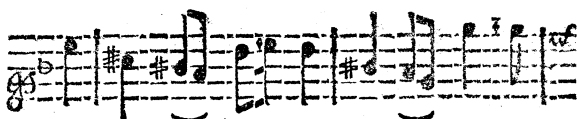
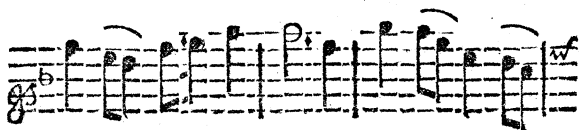
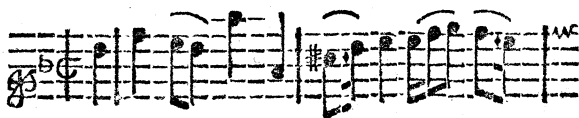


What state of life can be so blest,
 As Love that warms a lovers breast ;
 Two souls in one the same desire,
 To grant the bliss and to require :
 But if in heaven a Hell we find,
 'Tis all from thee oh ! Jealousy,
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! Jealousy, thou tyrant, tyrant, Jealousy,
 Jealousy, thou tyrant Jealousy, oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! Jealousy,
 oh ! oh ! oh ! Jealousy, thou tyrant of the mind.

All other ills tho' sharp they prove,
 Serve to refine and sweeten love ;
 In absence or unkind disdain,
 Sweet hope relieves the Lovers pain :
 But oh ! no cure but death we find,
 To set us free from Jealousy,
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! &c.

False in thy glass all objects are,
 Some set too near and some too far ;
 Thou art the fire of endless night,
 The fire that burns and gives no light :
 All torments of the damn'd we find,
 In only thee oh ! Jealousy,
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! &c.

*The Cruel Fair requited, Written by J. R. Sett by
Mr. James Hart.*



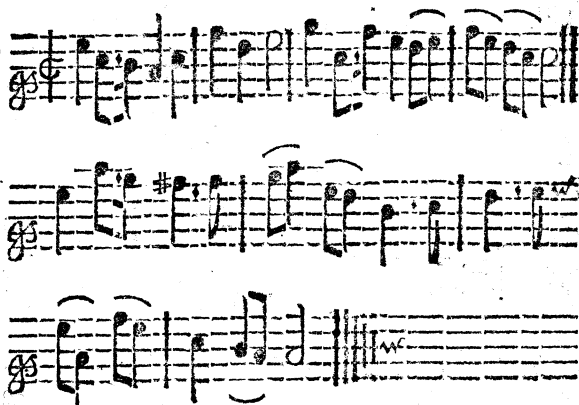


When Wit and Beauty meet in one,
 That acts an amorous part;
 What Nymph its mighty pow'r can shun,
 Or 'scape a wounded heart:
 Those Potent, wondrous Potent, charms,
 Where e'er they bleis a Swain;
 He needs not sleep with empty Arms,
 He needs not sleep with empty Arms,
 Nor dread severe disdain.

Asteria saw the Shepherds bleed,
 Regardless of their pain;
 Unmov'd she heard their Oten Reed,
 They Dance and sung in vain;
 At length *Aminor* did appear,
 That Miracle of Man;
 He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,
 He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,
 She Lov'd and call'd him P A N.

But he as tho' design'd by Fate,
 Revenger of the harms;
 Which others suffer'd from her hate,
 Risl'd and left her Charms:
 Then Nymphs no longer keep in pain,
 A plain well meaning heart;
 Least you shou'd joyn for such disdain,
 Lest you shou'd joyn for such disdain,
 In poor *Asteria's* smart.

The unfortunate Lover, Sett by Mr. Willis.



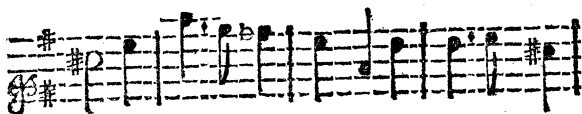
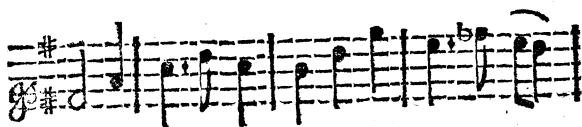
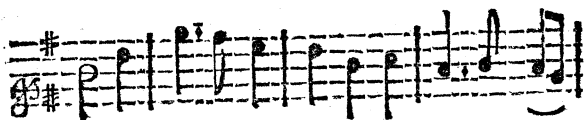
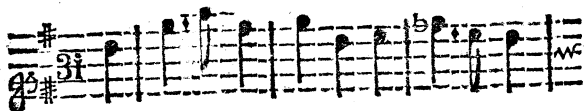
What shall I do I am undone,
Where shall I fly my self to shun ;
Ah ! me my self my self must kill,
And yet I die against my will.

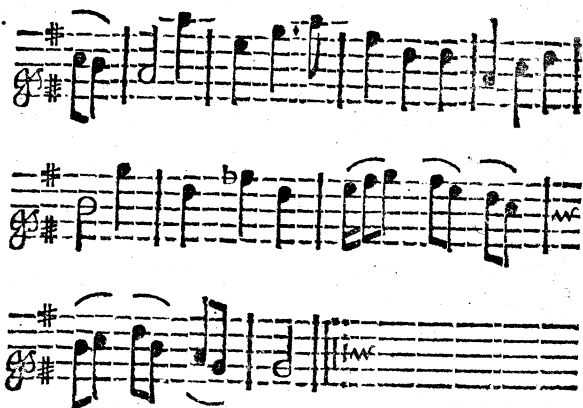
In starry letters I behold,
My death is in the Heavens enrol'd ;
There find I writ in Skies above,
That I, poor I, must die for love.

'Twas not my love deserv'd to die,
Oh no it was unworthy I ;
I for her love should not have dy'd,
But that I had no worth beside.

Ah me ! that love such woe procures,
For without her no life endures ;
I for her virtues did her serve,
Doth such a love a death deserve.

*A Song, Sung at the Theatre Royal, in the Play call'd,
(Alphonso King of Naples,) Set by Mr. Eagles.*





When *Sylvia* was kind, and love play'd in her Eyes,
 We thought it no Morning till *Sylvia* did rise;
 Of *Sylvia* the hills and the Vallies all Rang,
 For she was the subject of every Song.

But now, oh how little her glories do move,
 That us'd to inflame us, with Raptures of Love;
 Thy Rigour, oh *Silvia*, will shorten thy Reign,
 And make our bright Goddess a Mortal again.

Love heightens our Joys, he's the ease of our Care,
 A spur to the Valiant, a Crown to the fair;
 Oh seize his soft wings then before 'tis too late,
 Or Cruelty quickly will hasten thy fate.

'Tis kindness, my *Silvia*, 'tis kindness alone,
 Will add to thy Lovers, and strengthen thy Throne;
 In Love, as in Empire, Tyrannical I say,
 Will make Loyal Subjects forget to Obey.

The Shepherds Complaint, Sett by Mr. William Williams,

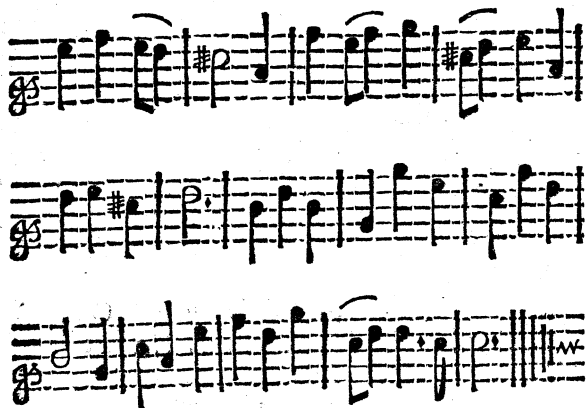
WHat, Love a crime, Inhumane fair ?
 Repeal that rash Decree,
 As well may pious Anthems bear ;
 The name of Blasphemy :
 'Tis Bleeding Hearts and Weeping Eyes,
 Uphold your Sexes Pride ;
 Nor cou'd you longer Tyrannize,
 My fetters laid a side,

Then

Then from your haughty Vision make,
 And listen to my Moan ;
 Tho' you refuse me for my sake,
 Yet pity for your own :
 For know proud Sheherdese you owe,
 The victim you despise ;
 More to the strictness of my Vow,
 Then glories of your Eyes.

*A Song in the Opera, call'd the (Faiery Queen,)
 Sung by Mrs. Butler, Sett by Mr. H. Purcell.*

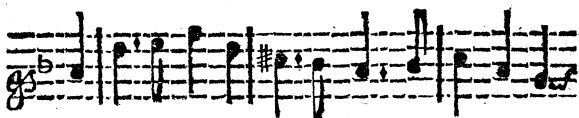




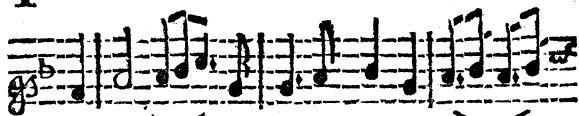
When I have often heard young Maids complaining,
 That when Men promise most they most deceive;
 Then I thought none of them worthy my gaining,
 And what they swore I would never believe:
 But when so humbly one made his addreses,
 With Looks so soft, and with Language so kind;
 I thought it Sin to refuse his Caresses,
 Nature o'er came and I soon chang'd my mind.

Should he emloy all his Arts in deceiving,
 Stretch his Invention and quite crack his Brain,
 I find such Charms, such true Joys in believing,
 I'll have the pleasure, let him have the pain:
 If he proves perjur'd I shall not be cheated,
 He may deceive himself but never me;
 'Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated,
 For I'm as false, and inconstant as he.

A SONG.



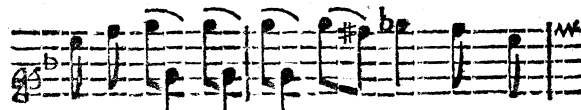
The King is gone to Ox-on Town, with all his might



and main a; The Nobles they at—tending



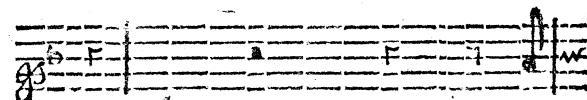
on, with all their gallant Train a: The May'r



of the Town in his Furr Gown, gave the

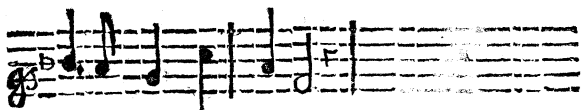


King such at thing, the like was never seen;

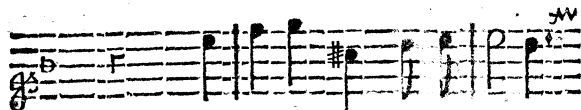


A pair of Gloves, I say a pair of Gloves, made

of



of the Stags good Leather : *A pair of Gloves, I say,*



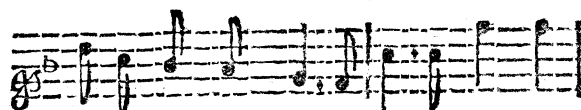
a pair of Gloves, to keep his hands from the Weather ;



Nay, some do say they gave him Gold, *That's a lye,*



then said I, as soon as I heard it told ; for why should

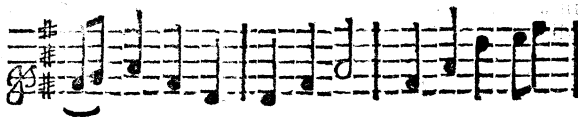
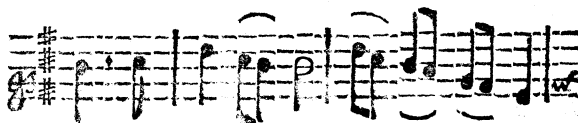
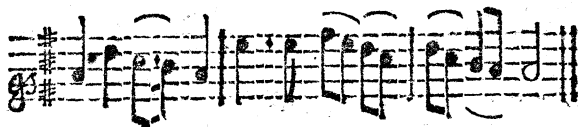
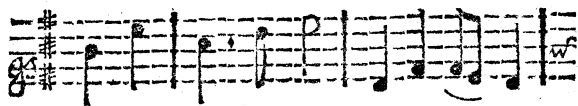


they go give their Gold a—way, to him that



has so much of his own a ?

Prince Eugene's Health. A SONG, Sett by Mr.
John Barrett, the Words by Mr. D'Ursey.





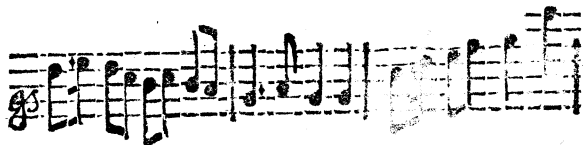
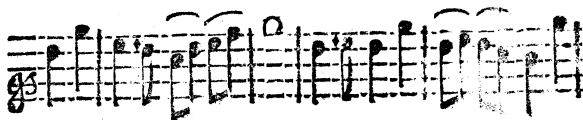
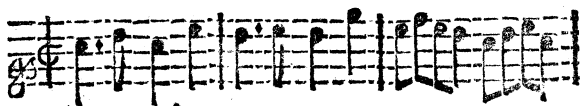
You the glorious Sons of honour,
 That each hour your fame advance ;
 Pray take notice in what manner,
Lewis prizes it in *France* :
 In the *Reswick* charte remember,
 He great *William* lawful Names ;
 But grown doating last *September*,
 Loudly sounds, Loudly sounds up another *James* :
 Routs our trade too,
 And wou'd no doubt invade too ;
 Could he turn the *Oglio*,
 Into *Seine* which our boys in *Italy*,
 All resolve shall never be,
 Drink, drink, drink, drink, we then a flowing glass
 to Prince *Eugene*.

Like

Like the Peasant in the Fable,
As we read in times of old ;
Rated from the Satyrs table,
For his blowing hot and cold :
From his own and every nation,
Monsieur should be rated so ;
Who on every vile occasion,
With all sorts of winds can blow :
Sign a peace too.
And break it with as much ease to,
Take an Oath now and freight deny't again ;
But that this and all that's past,
May come home to him at last,
Prosper may the conquering Arms of Prince *Eugene*.

With Despotick Resolution,
He from Subjects Gold can tear ;
Praise be to our Constitution,
We have no such doings here :
Government in blest condition,
When to just Law 'tis confin'd ;
But tyrannick disposition,
Ne'er yet agreed with the English kind :
Whilst *Carero*,
Combin'd with galick *Nero* ;
Anjou's crown then unjustly would maintain,
And th'imperial claim Controul :
Chearing still each heart and soul,
Let us see the glass go round to Prince *Eugene*.

*A Health to the Imperialist's : Or, An Invektive Ode
on the Treachery of the Elector of Bavaria; the
Words by Mr. D'Urfey. To a Tune of Mr. J. C.*





Ulm is gon,
 But basely won,
 And treacherous *Bavaria* there, has buried his Renown ;
 That Strolling Prince,
 Who few years since,
 Was cram'd with *William's* gold :
 Pension lost,
 And hopes too crost,
 Of having more from *Brinish* store to keep his wanted post ;
 To aid in vain,
 Usurping *Spain*,
 Himself to *France* has sold :
 For 'tis plain,
 Tho' plots were vain,

That

That *Ausburgh* was th'intended project of his brain ;
 The mem'ry of *Nassaw*,
 Was valu'd not a straw,
 Had *Monsieur* reliev'd *Landau* :
 Let him go,
 A worthless foe,
 And whilst the Princes round resolves his overthrow ;
 A Jolly bottle bring,
 Great *Baden's* Praises sing,
 And th' *Roman's* valiant King.

Loft in Fame,
 Involv'd in shame,
 Thou odious Scandal to the noble *Maximilian's* name,
 Who durst debase,
 Imperial grace,
 And thus provoke the *Ban*,
 Honour flight,
 And royal Right,
 Expected daily by the Circles on their side to fight ;
 For *Spain's* ill Cause,
 And *French* Kickshaws,
 Turn basely cat in pan :
 But go on,
 Forlorn undone,
 And e'er his yearly course, arround has rowl'd the sun ;
 Deserted and disgrac'd,
 Still routed too and chac'd,
 In chain's thou may'ft groan thy last :
 Or my Fate,
 To prove her hate,
 Thy falshood to the misery of war translate ;
 And there so low appear,
 A Fuzee may's thou bear,
 Like some poor Musqueteer.

A SONG. The Words and Tune by Mr. Edward Keen. Sung by Mrs. Willis, in the Play call'd (The Heireſs : Or, the Sallamanca Doctor.)





CÆlia's bright beauty all others transcend,
 Like Lovers Sprightly Goddess she's flippant and gay;
 Her rival admirers in crouds do attend,
 To her their devoirs and addesses to pay:
 Pert gaudy coxcombs the fair one adore,
 Grave Dons of the Law and queer Prigs of the Gown,
 Close Misers who brood o'er their treasure in store,
 And Heroes for plundering of modern renown.
 But men of plunder can ne'er get her under,
 And Misers all women despise,
 She balks the pert fops in the midst of their hopes,
 And laughs at the Grave and Precise.

Next she's caress'd by a musical crew,
 Shrill Singing and Fiddling, Beaus warbles o'th Flute,
 And Poets whom Poverty still will pursue,
 That's a just cause for rejecting their suit:
 Impudent Fluters the Nymph does abhor,
 And Lovers with Fiddle at neck she disdains;
 For these thought to have her tor whistling for,
 They courting with guts shew'd defect in their brains:
 And to the pretender to make her surrender,
 By singing no favour she'll show;
 For she'll not make choice of a shrill Capons voice,
 For a politick reason you know.

A Song in (Love's a Jest,) Sett. by Mr, John Eccles,
Sung by Mrs. Hudson.



Mortal's learn your Lives to measure,
Not by length of Time but Pleasure;
Now the Hours invite comply,
Whilst you idly pause they fly ye:
Blest whilst a nimble pace they keep,
But in torment, in torment when they creep.

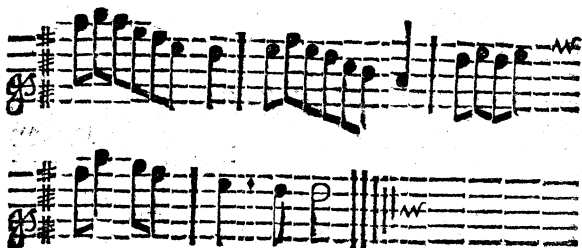
O

Mor:

Mortals learn your Lives to measure,
Not by length of Time but Pleasure;
Soon your Spring must have a fall,
Losing Youth is losing all;
Then you'll ask but none will give,
And may linger but not live.

*An Ode on the Union of the King and Parliament, by
Mr. D'Urfey, the Tune by Mr. Jer. Clarke.*





Whilst the *French* their Arms discover,
 By the Troops abroad they bring;
 We with joy can send 'em over,
 Tidings that can make all *Europe* Ring:
 English boys renown'd for warring,
 As Fame's glorious records shew;
 Blest by Fate now leave off Jarring,
 And resolve to joyn 'gainst the common foe:
 No more frowning *Batavians* think of drowning,
 But to *Spaniards* this jolly ditty sing,
England's Senate now agrees,
Cesar can secure your Peace;
 Chant it at the crowning,
 Of their infant King.

Britain's Sons no danger fearing,
 Whilst their royal Fleet's well man'd;
 Know tho' yet no storm's appearing,
 Peace is always best with sword in hand:
 Honour's but an empty notion,
 As our plotting neighbour shews;
 Breach of Faith may raise commotion,
 And in proper season may come to blows:
 Great five hundred pray let us not be plunder'd,
 Save our lands then and all unite at home;
 Guard the Crowns prerogative,
 Boldly vote and nobly give,
 Then let any insolent invader come.

A SONG Sett by *Mr. Ackeroy'd.*





Zounds Madam return me my heart,
 Or by the Lord *Harry* I'll make ye;
 Tho' you sleep when I talk of my smart,
 As I hope to be Knighted I'll wake ye;
 If you rant why by *Jove*,
 Then I'll rant as well as you;
 There's no body cares for your puffing.
 Your mistaken in me;
 Nay prethee, prethee, prethee pish,
 We'll try whose the best at a huffing.

But if you will your heart surrender,
 And confesse your self uncivil;
 'Tis probable I may grow tender,
 And recal what I purpos'd of evil:
 But if you still persist in rigour,
 'Tis a thousand to one but I teeze you;
 For you'll find so much heat and such vigour,
 As may trouble you forsooth or please you.

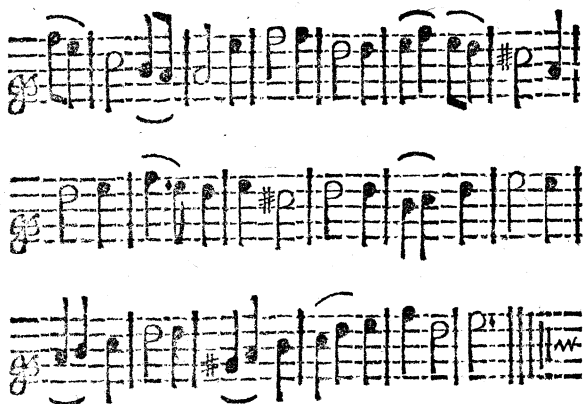
A SONG in the (Royal Mischief.) Sett by Mr.
John Eccles. Sung by Mr. Leveridge.



U Nguarded lies the wishing Maid,
Distrusting not to be betray'd ;
Ready to fall with all her charms,
A shining treasure to your arms :
Who hears this story must believe,
No heart can truer Joy receive ;
Since to take Love and give it too,
Is all that Love for hearts can do.

A S O N G in the Play call'd (Self Conceit: Or,
the Mother made a Property.) Set by Mr. John
Eccles; Sung by Mrs. Bowman.





O H! the mighty pow'r of Love,
 What Art against such Force can move;
 The harmless swain is ever blest,
 Beneath some Silent Shady Grove;
 Until some Nymph invade his Breast,
 And disapprove his eager Love.

Oh! the mighty pow'r of Love,
 What Art against such Force can move;
 The Greatest Hero who in Arms,
 Has gain'd a thousand Victories:
 Submits to *Celia's* brighter Charms,
 And dreads a killing from her Eyes.

A Scotch Song Sett by Mr. Robert Cox.



When *Fockey* first I saw my soul was charm'd,
 To see the bonny Lad so blith, so blith and gay ;
 My heart did beat it being alarm'd,
 That I to *Fockey* nought, nought could say :
 At last I courage took and passion quite forsook,
 And told the bonny Lad his charms I felt ;
 He then did smile with a pleasing look,
 And told me *Fenny* in his arms, his arms should melt.

A Song. Sung by Mrs. Temple, Set by Mr. J. Clark.

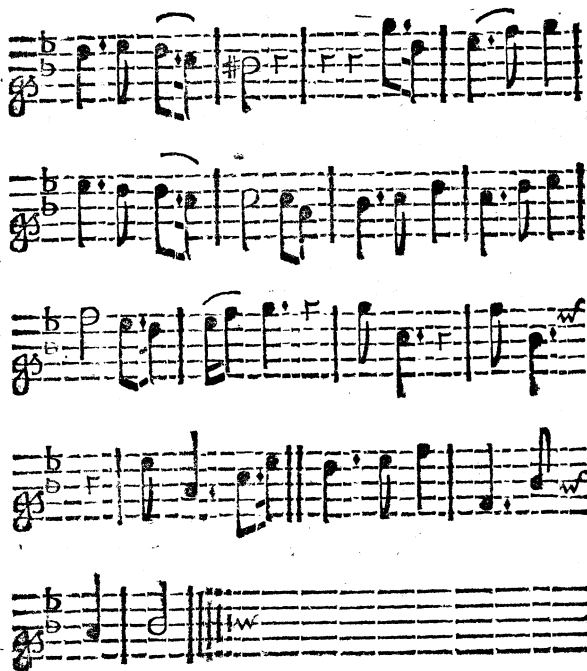


I See no more to shady coverts,
 Fockey's Eyn are all my joy ;
 Beauty's there I Ken that cannot,
 Muft not, shall not, steal away :
 What wou'd Fockey now do to me,
 Surely you're to me unkind ;
 I'fe ne'er see you, nay you fly me,
 Yet are ne'er from out my mind.

Tell me why 'tis thus you use me,
Take me quickly to your Arms;
Where in blisses blithly basking,
Each may rival others charms:
O but fy my Fockey pray now,
What d'ye; do not let me go;
O I vow you will undo me,
What to Do I do not know.

A Song Sett by Mr. Phill. Hart.





THo' I love and she knows it she cares not,
 She regards not my passion at all;
 But to tell me she hates me she spares not,
 As often as on her I call :

'Tis her pleasure to see me in pain,
 'Tis her pain to grant my desire;
 Then if ever I love her again,

May I never, never, never, never, may I never, be free
 from love's fire.

Mirtillo

Mirtillo, A Song Set by Mr. Tho. Clark.



M*irtillo* whilst you patch your Face,
 By nature form'd so fair;
 We know each spot conceals a Grace,
 And wish, and wish to see it bare;
 But since our wish you've gratifi'd,
 We find, we find, 'twas rashly made,
 And that those spots were but to hide, to hide,
 Excess of lustre lay'd:
 And that those sports were but to hide, to hide,
 Excess of lustre Lay'd.

The Rambling R A K E.

HAVING spent all my Coyn,
 Upon Women and Wine,
 I went to the C——h out of spite;
 But what the Priest said,
 Is quite out of my Head,
 I resolv'd not to Edify by't.

While he open'd his Text,
 I was plaguilly vext,
 To see such a sly Canting Crew:
 Of *Sarah's* Disciples,
 With P——s Books and B——s,
 Enough to have made a Man Spew.

All the Women I view'd,
 Both Religious and Lewd,
 From the Sable Top-knots to the Scarlets:
 But a Wager I'll Lay,
 That at a full Play,
 The House does not swarm so with Harlots,

Lady

Lady F—— there sits,
 Almost out of her Wits,
 'Twixt Lust and Devotion debating;
 She's as Vicious as Fair,
 And has more Business there,
 Than to hear Mr. *Tickle-text*'s prating.

Madam L—— I saw,
 With her Daughters-in-law,
 Whom she offers to sale ev'ry Sunday;
 In the midst of her prayers,
 She'll negotiate affairs,
 And make assignations for Monday.

Next a Lady much Fam'd,
 Therefore must not be nam'd,
 'Cause She'll give you no trouble in Teaching;
 She has a very fine Book,
 But does ne'er in it look,
 Nor regard either Praying or Preaching.

There's a *Baronet*'s Daughter,
 Her own Mother taught her,
 By Precept and Practical Notion;
 That to wear Gawdy Cloaths,
 And to Ogle the Beaus,
 Was at Church two sure signs of Devotion;

From the Corner oth' Square,
 Comes a hopeful young Pair,
 Religious as they see occasion:
 But if Patches and Paint,
 Be true signs of a Saint,
 We've no reason to Doubt their Damnation;

When the Sermon was done,
 He blest ev'ry one,

And they like good Christians retir'd;
Tho' they view'd ev'ry face,
Each Head and each Dress,
Yet each one her self most admir'd.

I had view'd all the rest,
But the Parson had blest,
With his Benediction the People;
So I ran to the Crown,
Least the Church should fall down,
And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.

The Airy Old Woman.



You guess by my wither'd Face,
 And Eyes no longer Shining ;
 That I can't Dance with a Grace,
 Nor keep my pipes from whining :
 Yet I am still Gay and Bold,
 To be otherwise were a Folly ;
 Methinks my blood is grown Cold,
 I'll warm it then thus and be Jolly :
 jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, &c.
 Methinks my blood is grown Cold,
 grown cold, grown cold, grown cold, &c.
 I'll warm it then thus and be jolly.

I find by the slighting Beau's,
 That Nature is Declining ;
 Yet will I not knit my Brows,
 Nor end my Days in pining :
 Let other Dames Fret and Scold,
 As they pass to the Stygian Ferry ;
 You see though I am grown Old,
 My Temper is youthful and Merry :
 Merry, merry, merry, merry, &c.
 You see though I am grown Old,
 grown old, grown old, grown old, &c.
 My Temper is Youthful and Merry.

A S O N G.



ALL joy to Mortals joy and Mirth,
 Eternal Io's sing;
 The Gods of Love descend to earth,
 Their Darts have lost their Sting.

The youth shall now complain no more,
 On *Silvia's* needless Scorn,
 But she shall Love if he adore,
 And melt when he shall burn.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
 But leave the Jilting Road;
 And *Daphne* now no more shall Fly,
 The wounded Painted God.

But all shall be Serene and Fair,
 No sad complaints of Love;
 Shall fill the gentle whispering Air,
 No Ecchoing sighs the Grove.

Beneath the shades young *Strepson* lies,
 Of all his with possess'd;
 Gazing on *Sylvia's* charming Eyes,
 Whose Soul is there confess'd.

All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
 With looks that know no Art;
 And though she yields with Trembling Fears,
 She yields with all her heart.

*The Saint turn'd Sinner: Or the Dissenting Parson's
Text under the Quaker's Petticoats.*



You Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation,
For I shall declare Sir,
Before you are aware Sir,
The matter very plain,
The matter very plain;
A Gospel Cushion Thumper,
Who Dearly lov'd a Bumper.

And

And something else beside Sir,
 If he is not bely'd Sir,
 This was a holy Guid Sir,
 For the Dissenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
 His Flesh was so unruly
 He could not for his Life Sir,
 Pass by the Drapers Wife Sir,
 The Spirit was so faint:
 The Spirit was so faint:
 This jolly handsom Quaker,
 As he did overtake her,
 She made his mouth to water,
 And thought long to be at her,
 Such Sin is no great matter,
 Accounted by a Saint.

(Says he) *my pretty Creature,*
Your Charming Handsom Feature,
Has set me all on Fire,
You know what I desire,
There is no harm in Love,
 (Quoth she) if that's your Notion,
 To Preach up such Devotion,
 Such hopeful guides as you Sir,
 Will half the World undo Sir,
 A Halter is your due Sir,
 If you such Tricks approve.

The Parson still more eager,
 Than Lustful Turk or Neger,
 Took up her Lower Garment,
 And said there was no harm in't,
 According to the Text;
 For *Solomon* more wiser,
 Than any dull adviser,
 Had many Hundred Misses,
 To crown his Royal Wishes,
 And why shou'd such as this is,
 Make you so sadly vex't.

The frighted Female Quaker,
Perceiv'd what he would make her,
Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
And stop what he was hatching,
 To spoil the light within ;
 To spoil the light within ;
They came to her assistance,
As she did make resistance,
Against the Priest and Devil,
The Actors of all Evil,
Who were so Grand uncivil,
 To tempt a Saint to Sin.

The Parson then Confounded,
To see himself surrounded,
With Mob and sturdy Watch-men,
Whose Business 'tis to catch men,
 In Lewdness with a Punk ;
 In Lewdness with a Punk ;
He made some faint excuses,
And all to hide abuses,
In taking up the Linnen,
Against the Saints Opinion,
Within her soft Dominion,
 Alledging he was Drunk.

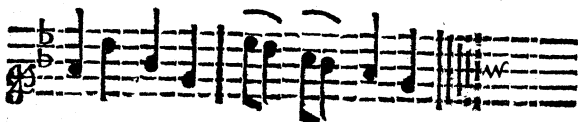
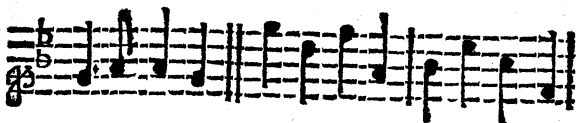
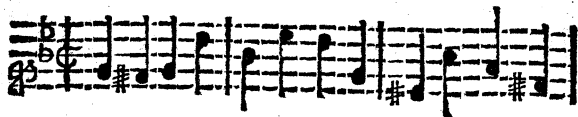
But tho' he feigned Reeling,
They made him pay for feelling,
And Lugg'd him to a Prison,
To bring him to his reason,
 Which he had lost before ;
 Which he had lost before ;
And thus we see how Preachers,
That should be Gospel-Teachers,
How they are strangely blinded,
And are so Fleshly minded,
Like Carnal Men inclined,
To Lie with any Whore,

A SONG Set by Mr. Anthony Young.



I Try'd in Parks and Plays to find,
 An object to appease my Mind ;
 But still in vain it does appear,
 Since Fair *Hyrtuilla* is not there :
 In vain alas I hope for Ease,
 Since none but She alone can please.

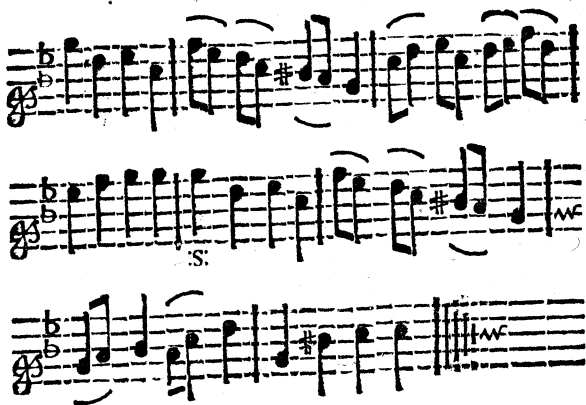
A Song Sett by Mr. H. Purcell.



P*Hillis*, I can ne'er forgive it,
Nor I think shall e'er out-live it;
Thus to treat me so severely,
Who have always lov'd sincerely.

Damon, you so fondly cherish,
Whilst poor I, alas! may perish;
I that love which he did never,
Me you slight, and him you favour.

A SONG.



Blush not Ruder than the Morning,
 Though the Virgin give you Warning:
 Sigh not at the chance besel you,
 Though they smile and dare not tell you.
Sigh not at &c.

Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,
 Bill and Murmur in their Wooing;
 Thus like you they start and Tremble,
 And their troubled Joys dissemble.
Thus like you &c.

Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
 Though your Beauty's now a blooming;
 Left old Time our Joys should sever,
 Ah! ah! they part, they part for ever.
Left old Time, &c.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Love's Pow'r in my Heart, shall find no compliance,
 I'll stand to my Guard and bid open defiance;
 To Arms, I will muster my Reason and Senses,
Tara rara, Tara rara, a War now commences.

Keep, keep, a strict Watch, and observe ev'ry motion,
 Your Care to his Cunning exactly proportion;
 Fall on, he gives ground, let him never recover,
Victoria! Victoria! the Battle is over.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. James Hart.

Honest Shepherd, since you're poor,
 Think of loving me no more,
 Take advice, in time,
 Give o'er your Solicitations:
 Nature does in vain dispencc,
 To your Vertue, Courage, Sense,
 Wealth can only influence,
 A Woman's Inclinations.

What fond Nymph can e'er be kind,
 To a Swain but rich in Mind,
 If as well she does not find
 Gold within his Coffers?
 Gold alone does Scorn remove,
 Gold alone incites to Love,
 Gold can most perswasive prove,
 And make the fairest Offers.

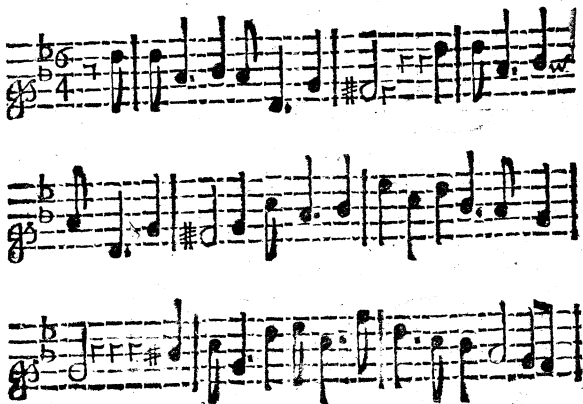
A S O N G, the Words by Captain Danvers, Sett
by Mr. T. Willis.



Forgive me *Cloe* if I dare,
 Your Conduct disapprove:
 The Gods have made you wond'rous Fair,
 Not to Disdain but Love:
 Those nice pernicious forms despise,
 That cheat you of your bliss;
 Let Love instruct you to be wise,
 Whilst Youth and Beauty is.

Too late you will repent the time,
 You lose by your disdain;
 The Slaves you scorn now in your prime,
 You'll ne'er retrieve again:
 But when those Charms shall once decay,
 And Lovers disappear,
 Despair and envy shall repay;
 Your being now severe.

*A SONG in the (Rival Sisters,) Sett by Mr.
 Henry Purcell, Sung by Miss Cross.*



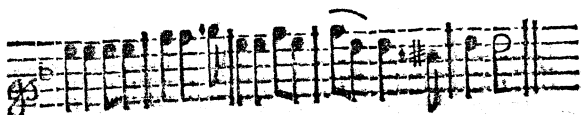
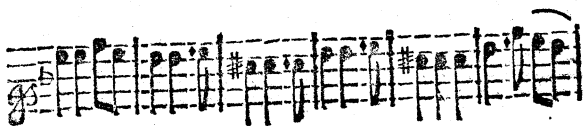


HOW happy, how happy is she,
How happy, how happy is she,
That early, that early her Passion begins;
And willing, and willing with Love to agree,
Does not stay till she comes to her Teens;
Then, then she's all pure and chaste,
Then, then she's all pure and chaste;
Like Angels her smiles to be priz'd,
Pleasure is seen Cherub Fac'd,
And Nature appears, and Nature appears undisguis'd.

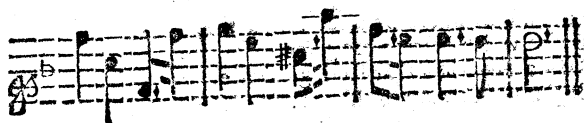
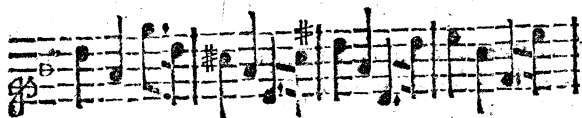
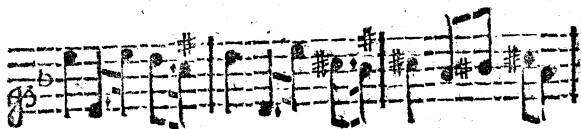
From Twenty to Thirty, and then,
Set up for a Lover in vain,
By that time we study how Men,
May be wrack'd with neglect and disdain:
Love dwells where we meet with desire,
Desire which Nature has given,
She's a Fool then that feeling the fire,
Begins not to warm at Eleven,

*The Kings Health. Sett to Farinel's Grounds. In
Six Parts by Mr. D'Ursey.*

First Strain.



Second.



Third Strain.



Fourth Strain.



Figg.*Sixth Strain.*

The First Strain.

JOY to Great *Cæsar*,
 Long Life, Love and Pleasure ;
 'Tis a Health that Divine is,
 Fill the Bowl high as mine is ;
 Let none fear a Fever,
 But take it off thus Boys ;
 Let the King live for ever,
 'Tis no matter for us Boys.

The Second Strain.

Try all the Loyal,
 Defy all,
 Give denial ;
 Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,
 Nor any *Prig* here,
 Or Sneaking *Whig* here,
 Of Cripple *Tony's* Crew,
 That now looks blew,
 His Heart akes too,
 The *Tap* won't do,
 His Zeal so true,
 And Projects new,
 Ill Fate does now pursue.

The Third Strain.

Let *Tories* Guard the King,
 Let *Whigs* in Halts swing ;
 Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be sham'd,
 Let *Bugg'ring Oars* be damn'd ;
 Let Cheating *Player* be Nick'd,
 The turn-coat Scribe be Kick'd ;
 Let Rebel *City Dons*,
 Ne'er beget their Sons ;

Let ev'ry *Wiggish* Peer,
 That Rapes a Lady fair,
 And leaves his only Dear,
 The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
 Be punish'd out of hand,
 And forc'd to pawn his Land,
 T' attone the grand Affair.

The Fourth Strain.

Great *Charles*, like *Jehovah*,
 Spares those would Un-King Him;
 And warms with his *Graces*,
 The *Vipers* that sting Him:
 Till Crown'd with just Anger,
 The Rebels he Seizes;
 Thus Heaven can thunder,
 When ever it pleases.

Figg.

Then to the *Duke* fill, fill up the Glass,
 The Son of our *Matyr*, belov'd of the *King*:
 Envy'd and Lov'd,
 Yet blest from above,
 Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

The Sixth Strain.

Faction and Folly,
 And State Melancholy,
 With *Tony* in *Whigland* forever shall dwell;
 Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,
 Then teach us our Duty,
 For none e'er can Love, or be Wife and Rebel.

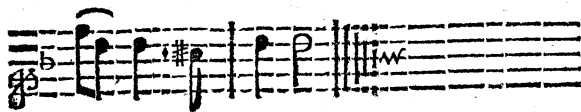
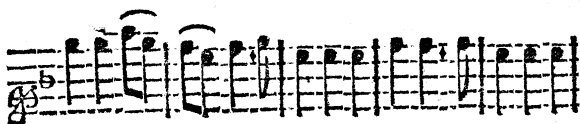
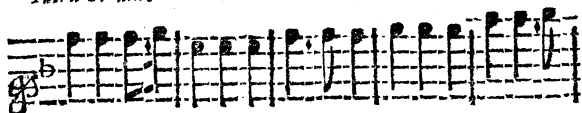
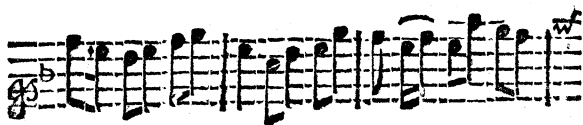
*A Royal Ode by Mr. D'Urfey ; Congratulating the
Happy Accession to the Crown, and Coronation of
our most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.
The Words in Imitation of the foregoing Song, and
fitted to some Strains of the same Ground.*

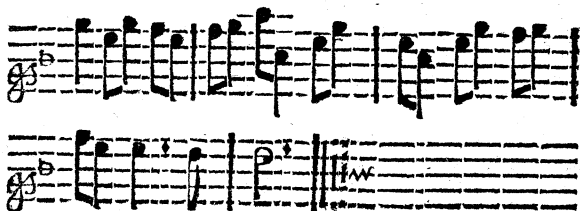
First Strain.



Second Strain.



*Third Strain.**Fourth Strain.*



First Strain.

Mars now is Arming,
The War comes on Storming;
All *Europe* is viewing,
What *England* is doing;
The flighted (1) Memorial,
In *France* and th' *Escorial*,
Has balk'd (2) Gallick *Nero*,
And *Porto* (3) *Cayero*;
Brittains cease weeping,
For (4) *Pan* that lyes sleeping;
Tho' *Jove* us denies him,
Yet (5) *Pallas* supplies him.
Then Sing out yet *Muses*,
What *Peæbus* infuses;
Divine is the occasion,
Queen *Anne's* Coronation.

- (1) *The French Memorial.*
- (2) *The French K.*
- (3) *The new K. of Spain's chief Minister.*
- (4) *King William.*
- (5) *Queen Anne.*

Second Strain.

Pair your hearts and joyn,
For now the rightful Line;
Has left you no Excuse,
For Jarring or abuse;
The thought of Right and Wrong,
That plagu'd ye all so long;
No more be now let in,
To raise the *Senates* Spleen;

Nor

Nor simple Fewds let grow,
 'Twixt High Church and the Low ;
 But all resolve to go,
 To One at least for show ;
 And then made happy so,
 Dire& your Angers blow,
 Against the Common Foe.

Third Strain.

Divine *Gloriana*,
 Now Rules the Glad Nation ;
 Mild Prudent and Pious,
 Wirhout Affectation ;
 Sence Justice and Pity,
 Her life still renewing ;
 And Queen of all hearts,
 E'er the Pageant of Crowning :

Fourth Strain.

All the Radiant court of Heaven have blest Her,
 Bright *Astrea* leaves the Sky to assist Her ;
 Whilst on her from all,
 Revolves the Sacred praise,
 Of tam'd *Eliza's* Days.

Sing then ye Muses,
What Phoebus infuses ;
Divine is the Occasion,
Queen Anne's Coronation.

This Cho. may be sung to the Ground-Bass.

The

The Duke of Marlboroughs Health. Sett by
Mr. R. Cox.



Come, here's a good Health, the Duke I do mean,
That bravely Fought, that bravely Fought for his
May his Fate still be, [Nation and Queen;
That Conquer shall he,
Till the Nation with Peace it be Crown'd;
Come Lads never think,
But his Health let's Drink,
And Sing his Great Praise, and Sing his Great Praise whilst
Bumpers pass Round.

A Happy Memorable Ballad,
On the Fight near Audenarde, between the Duke of Marlborough, of Great-Britain; and the Duke of Vendosme, of France. As also the strange and wonderful Manner how the Princes of the Blood Royal of France, were found in a Wood. In allusion to the Unhappy Memorable Song commonly call'd Chevy-Chace.



GOD prosper long our Gracious Queen,
 Our Lives and Safeties all,
 A woful Fight of late there did
 Near *Audenarde* befall.

To drive the *French* with Sword and Gun,
 Brave *Marlborough* took his Way,
 Ah! wo the Time that *France* beheld
 The Fighting of that Day.

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had swore
Vendosme shou'd pay full dear
 For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e'er his Fame
 Should reach his Master's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,
 And chosen Men of Might,
 He with the *French* began to wage
 A sharp and bloody Fight.

The

The Gallant *Britains* swiftly ran
The *French* away to chase,
On *Wednesday* they began to fight,
When Day-light did decrease.

And long before high-Night, they had
Ten thousand *Frenchmen* slain,
And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,
As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods pursu'd,
The nible *French* to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,
In Hopes *Vendosme* to meet.
When lo! the Prince of *Carignan*
Fell at his Grace's Feet:

Oh! Gentle Duke forbear, forbear,
Into that Wood to shoot;
If ever pity mov'd your Grace,
But turn your Eyes and look;

See where the Royal Line of *France*,
Great *Lewis's* Heirs do lie;
And sure a Sight more piteous was
Ne'er seen by Mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,
Like wax before the Sun,
To see their Glory at an end,
E'er yet it was begun.

When as our General found your Grace
Wou'd needs begin to fight,
As thinking it wou'd please the Boys,
To see so fine a Sight.

He straightway sent them to the Top
Of yonder Church's Spire,
Where they might see and yet be safe
From Swords and Guns, and Fire.

But first he took them by the Hand,
And kiss'd them e'er they went,
Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,
As if they knew th' Event.

Then said, he would with Speed return,
Soon as the Fight was done,
But when he saw his Men give Ground,
Away he basely run,

And left these Children all alone,
As Babes wanting Relief,
And long they wandred up and down,
No Hopes to chear their Grief.

Thus Hand in Hand they walked, till
At last this Wood they spy'd,
And when they saw the Night grow dark,
They here lay down and cry'd.

At this the Duke was inly mov'd,
His Breast soft Pity beat,
And so he straightway ordered
His Men for to retreat.

And now but that my Pen is blunt,
I might with ease relate,
How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,
Besides what found their Fate.

Nor shou'd the Prince of *Hannover*
In Silence be forgot,
Who like a Lyon fought on Foot,
After his Horse was shot.

And

And what strange Chance likewise befel,
 Unto these Children dear,
 But that your Patience is too much
 Already tir'd, I fear ;

And so God blefs the Queen and Duke,
 And send a lasting Peace,
 That Wars and foul Debare henceforth
 In all the World may cease.

*Another Ballad on the Battle of Audenarde. Sett by
 Mr. Leveridge.*



I

YE Commons and Peers,
 Pray lend me your Ears,
 I'd Sing you a Song if I can ;
 How *Lewis le Grand*,
 Was put to a Stand,
 By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*,

How

How his Army so great
 Had a total Defeat,
 Not far from the River of *Dender* :
 Where his Grand-Children twain,
 For fear of being Slain,
 Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

To a Steeple on High -
 The Battle to Spy,
 Up Mounted these clever young Men ;
 And when from the Spire
 They saw so much Fire
 They cleverly came down again.

Then a Horse-back they got
 All upon the same spot,
 By advice of their Cousin *Vendosme*
 O Lord ! cry'd out he
 Unto young *Burgundy*,
 Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home.

Just so did he say
 When without more delay
 A way the young Gentry fled ;
 Whose heels for that Work
 Were much lighter than Cork,
 But their Hearts were more heavy then lead.

Not so did behave
 The young *Hannover* brave

In this Bloody field I assure ye;
When his War Horse was Shot
Yet he matter'd it not,
But charg'd still on foot like a Fury.

7

When Death flew about
Aloud he call'd out
Ho! you Chavalier of St. *George*;
If you'll never stand
By Sea nor by Land
Pretender, that Title you forge.

8

Thus boldly he stood
As became that high blood,
Which runs in his Veins so blue;
This Gallant Young Man
Being Kin to Queen *Anne*,
Fought, as were she a Man, she wou'd do.

9

What a Racket was here,
(I think 'twas last year)
For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*;
When by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the Puts in
To loose all they are worth this Campaign.

10

Tho *Bruges* and *Ghent*,
To the Mounseur we lent,
With Interest he soon shall Re-pay 'em;
While *Paris* may Sing
With her Sorrowful King
De Profundis, instead of *Te Deum*.

11

From their Dream of Success,
 They'll awaken we guess
 At the Sound of Great *Marlborough's* Drums,
 They may think if they will
 Of *Almanza* still,
 But 'tis *Blenheim* where ever he comes.

12

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
 What General's next?
 Thou hast hitherto chang'd 'em in vain:
 He has beat 'em all round,
 If no new ones are found,
 He shall beat the old over again.

13

We'll let *Tallard* out
 If he'll take t'other bout;
 And much he's improv'd let me tell ye
 With *Nottingham Ale*,
 At every Meal,
 And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

14

As Loofers at Play,
 Their Dice throw away,
 While the Winner he still wins on:
 Let who will Command
 Thou hadst better Disband,
 For Old Bully thy Doctors are gen.

The Duke of Marlborough's Health.



Marlborough's a brave Commander,
 He Conducts us into the Field ;
 As bold as *Alexander*,
 He'll Dy before he'll yield :

Sound the Trumpet Sound boys,
 Let each Man stand his Ground boys,
 Ne'er let us flinch, nor give back an inch,
 And so let his Health go round boys,

The following Stan. made to the foregoing Tune
on the Battle of *Audenarde* by Mr. D'Urfey.

Sing mighty *Marlborough's* Story,
Mars of the Field
 He passes the *Scheld*,
 And to increase his Glory,
 The French all fly or yeild:
Vendosme drew out to spite him,
 Th' Household Troops to fright him,
 Princes o'th Blood
 Got of as they cou'd,
 But ne'er durst return to Fight him.

This is the year of Wonders,
 The Gen d'arms Gor'd,
 With Bullet and Sword,
 Quake when the General Thunders,
Almanza was the word:
 Sound the Trumpet Sound boys,
 This to his Health be crown'd boys,
 Circle his Brows
 With fresh Oaken boughs,
 And thus let the Glas go round boys.

Now we have made a Motion,
Eugene the brave
 A Second shall have,
 And could we tope an Ocean,
 His due we hardly give:
 Still there's one more must be boys,
Hannover makes 'em up three boys,
 Three in a Hand,
 I'll drink to my Friend,
 And so let us all agree boys.

F I N I S.